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H. J. LASKI on Being Suddenly Infamous

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POTSDAM AND THE TROGLODYTES

MR. CHURCHILL is taking a few days' rest between the exuberance of electioneering and the hard bargaining which awaits him at Potsdam. Certainly he will need to adjust himself. For three weeks he has denounced Socialist planning and extolled the old-fashioned private enterprise which made Britain great. In Potsdam such phrases will mean precisely nothing. From the Channel ports to Stalingrad stretches territory devastated by modern war, its industries laid waste, its fields largely uncultivated, devoid of transport facilities or communications, and inhabited by a new race of troglodyte shelter-dwellers. These dispossessed, victors and vanquished alike, are bound together by a common experience. They have seen the crash of the civilisation which they had begun to assume as a permanent possession of European man. They have been levelled down to a common destitution far worse than that which Marx and Engels prophesied would compel the proletariat to burst its chains, a hundred years ago. And, most ominous of all, they have seen, both in enemy and friendly countries how those who claimed the privileges and responsibilities of political leadership betrayed their responsibilities in order to cling to their privileges.

The very idea that private enterprise or the traditional ruling class will make good the ravages of the second world war sounds fantastic in their ears. Talk about state planning strangling their cherished liberties is meaningless. The peoples of Europe, crouching in leaky cellars and queuing at community soup kitchens, know perfectly well that nothing less than national planning, co-ordinated in a European scheme of reconstruction, can save them from famine and pestilence this winter and lay the foundations for the slow rebuilding of the decencies of life. If that reconstruction can be achieved by agreement between the Big Three, well and good. If not, the shelter-dwellers, both in the victor and in the vanquished countries, will follow the lead of well-organised Communist parties and turn to Russia alone for hope and succour.

Mr. Churchill will do well to reflect on these simple truths during his leisure hours at Hendaye. So far the Anglo-American armies have demonstrated their vast superiority in mechanical and destructive powers; they have signally failed to show any understanding of the needs of Europe's millions. The Red Army, far more ruthless and lacking the mechanical advantages of the West, has at least given to occupied countries a sense of purpose and plan. In Western Europe the high expectations of the liberated peoples have been bitterly disappointed, and the reserve of good will is being steadily exhausted as more and more begin to realise that they were physically better off under the Germans and that the main contribution of the liberators has been to stimulate the black market and protect collaborationists.

For this failure the armies cannot be blamed; it lies exclusively on the shoulders of the political leaders. The British Premier has a special responsibility. It was not to be expected that the U.S.A., even under Roosevelt's leadership, would help very much in the solution of Europe's political problems. A Continental power, impatient of the rivalries of European nation states, and still in the hey-day of an expanding capitalism, can provide armies, loans and technical experts; it cannot be expected to contribute the political leadership required. That task fell inevitably on Britain. Unfortunately the evidence suggests that Mr. Churchill, whatever his qualities as a war leader, fails to understand Britain's present responsibility. "Punish the war criminals; disarm the Germans and let them stew in their own juice; restore to the liberated peoples the blessings of private enterprise," is not an unfair statement of his policy towards Europe.

If that is all the West has to contribute at the Potsdam meeting no far-reaching result can be achieved. It will fail to achieve any real approximation between Russian and Anglo-American policy—for the simple reason that Mr. Churchill is opposed not only to Russian Communism, but to that Socialist planning without which the traditional liberties of Western Europe cannot be maintained—let alone extended.

It will be the special responsibility of Mr. Attlee to represent this point of view in Berlin. He realises that the needs of working people in Britain and in Europe are the same—a home, a job, and reasonable security—and that these first priorities must be achieved before anyone dare talk of the sacred rights of private enterprise. Mr. Churchill will speak for the Government: Mr. Attlee can and must hold a brief for organised Labour and for the common man.

In so doing he can indicate what continuity of foreign policy will really mean if interpreted in terms of 1945—evolution from inter-Allied war planning to inter-Allied planning for reconstruction. Just as we planned the production and transport of armament and supplies for defeating Hitler, so we must plan the production and transport of all that is needed for reconstruction. A combined Chiefs of Staff should give way to a combined Economic Staff under which Coal, Transport, and other specialised Commissions could work. If no such proposal comes from Mr. Churchill, it is for Mr. Attlee to make clear that it would be the programme of a Labour Government.

But Mr. Attlee should go further than that. All Europe wants to know what Britain's attitude is to the democratic movements in liberated and enemy countries. In the countries under their control, the Russians are at present encouraging the revival of three political parties—a Conservative religious party with its main numerical basis among the peasant and middle classes, and Socialist and Communist parties, drawing their support mainly from industrial workers and intellectuals. Other parties of the Right have been suppressed as collaborationist. Mr. Attlee will speak for the whole Labour movement if he makes it clear that a Labour Government would adopt a parallel policy in the British Zone, and restore to anti-Fascists, under proper safeguards, the liberties of the press and of association without which they cannot take the lead.

It may be argued that by defining Labour policy in these terms, Mr. Attlee would create an impression of disunity in Britain. But the election has made clear that this disunity does in fact

exist and that the Tories are determined to pursue a policy which every Socialist must realise will lead to the partition of Europe into Anglo-American and Russian blocs and thence to the line-up for a third world war. It is essential to show that British Labour at least stands for that true continuity of policy which leads from inter-Allied war planning to inter-Allied reconstruction.

The Feeding of Berlin

The mere fact that a dispute could arise on the supplying of Berlin indicates once again the complete failure of the European Advisory Commission to achieve any advance agreement between the occupying Powers in the two years since it was established. In default of such agreement between the Governments, the Generals have to deal with the problems piecemeal. Decisions are arrived at as the result of hard bargaining on the spot and in defiance of the principles of sound administration. The British zone of Germany has a potential fuel surplus, the Russian a food surplus. Under any rational plan the Central Inter-Allied Commission would arrange for distribution throughout the three zones of the fuel and food available; and the feeding and heating of Berlin would become a minor detail of an overall plan. The interim agreement, under which food for Berlin has to be supplied from the British zone, where there is already a serious food deficiency, will benefit no one; all the evidence indicates that Ruhr coal can only be mined and moved in adequate quantities if the miners and transport workers are given sufficient rations to do a full day's work. Those rations cannot be supplied from the food resources in the British zone. The assumption, therefore, by General Weeks of the responsibility for feeding 750,000 Berliners will reduce the amount of fuel available to the whole of Germany—and to Berlin.

French Elections

The electors of France will go to the polls on October 14th both to choose their representatives and to answer a referendum whether they wish those whom they elect to sit as a Constituent Assembly or as a Chamber of Deputies working under the provisions of the constitution of the Third Republic. If they decide against a Constituent Assembly, France will return to the constitution established in 1875, and a Senate will be added, as previously, by indirect election from the Conseils Généraux, separate elections for which are also to be held in the autumn. If, as is likely, France casts its vote for a Constituent Assembly, a new constitution will be drafted for endorsement by a further referendum. The Government will reserve the right to recommend the rejection of the draft at the second referendum if it is in disagreement with the Constituent Assembly. When the Assembly first meets, it will elect the Head of the Government. He will choose his own Ministers, who will be responsible to him and not to the Assembly; but he will have to consult the Assembly about foreign treaties, the Budget and any "structural" changes which may be mooted. This formula is, in fact, a compromise which averts the threatened split between the Right and Left over the manner in which the constitutional question shall be raised at the elections, though it still leaves unsettled the equally controversial question of the mode of election to be employed in the autumn. The Communists are already campaigning for the right of recall of Deputies and the establishment of Cabinet responsibility in any new constitution. If they can achieve a working unity with the Socialists, the Left should succeed in carrying through the long over-due reforms necessary to revitalise French democracy.

Unity of the Left?

By far the most striking result of the recent French Communist Congress was the proposal to form a single working-class party by fusion with the Socialists. The Congress adopted a draft constitution for a *Parti Ouvrier Français*, which has been sent to the Socialists for consideration. Although M. Blum regards the proposal as premature, it will come up for discussion at the Socialist Congress in a few weeks' time. Has the moment yet come when such a fusion is practical politics? Certainly, the Communists, who now claim nearly a million members in France, put forward some interesting suggestions for immediate co-operation. They propose that there should be an exchange of staff between *Le Populaire* and *l'Humanité*; that the executives of the Communist and Socialist parties should sit jointly and issue common policy statements, and that this process should be repeated in every organ of each party down to common meetings of local branches. If the Socialists agree to this, a few months' experience would suffice to show whether the more far-reaching proposals for fusion would be workable or not.

The West and the Levant

Count Ostrorog has done his conciliatory best in Beirut. Belated though it be in Levantine eyes, the French decision forthwith to hand over the *troupes spéciales* removes the immediate substantial grievance of the Syrian and Lebanese Governments. After this practical recognition by France of their right to autonomy, negotiations for the winding-up of the Mandate ought to go forward more amicably and with due regard to French "interests" in the form of schools and other cultural or religious institutions. Unhappily, reports from Beirut suggest that, though there is a considerable Francophil minority in the Lebanon, both the Syrian and Lebanese Governments are inclined to take the extreme line of seeking to oust the French bag and baggage. In this policy they count on British support. Mistakenly, we trust. But if the mischief done by our Mission during the war is to be repaired, there is urgent need of a publicly proclaimed, joint Anglo-French policy. It is not only the French who suspect us of trying to capitalise (against the U.S.S.R. in particular) popularity won in the Middle East by posing as champion of the Arab world. We cannot afford to have such suspicions entertained, as they are, either in Moscow or in the United States—least of all at a time when the question of Palestine is becoming acute, and President Truman will have to tell Mr. Churchill, when they meet, that the Governors of 38 American States have petitioned him in favour of the immediate opening of Palestine to large-scale Jewish immigration. Nor should the Prime Minister fail to note that the Persian Government's demand (prompted by us) for withdrawals of troops from Persia has at once been followed by a demand in Cairo that we should evacuate Egypt.

Mr. Truman's Cabinet

Mr. Truman has shown unusual political skill in building himself up as a statesman determined to end the conflict of Executive and Legislature which marked Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. Such seems to be the main motive behind his Cabinet reconstruction, which has now been carried to the point where only four posts—War, Navy, Commerce and the Interior—are held by men of Mr. Roosevelt's choosing. Labour's support has been sought by retaining Mr. Wallace and by replacing Miss Perkins with a nonentity, not unacceptable by either the C.I.O. or A.F. of L. Westerners are pleased by the inclusion of no less than five men drawn from west of the Mississippi. Big business is relieved that the cartel-busting Biddle has been replaced by a career-Democrat, not noted for his political convictions, while the Democratic Party, as such, recognises in Mr. Hannegan, the Postmaster-General, a party boss who will see to it that patronage is re-established on strictly party lines. In brief, American politics under Mr. Truman have reverted to normal. The era of personal rule by a man who surrounded himself with advisers drawn from outside the circle of professional politicians is over. And America likes it.

Manœuvres at Simla

It is now the Viceroy's move. He is not being helped by the Muslim League. Declaring that he will take no step which might prejudice the future establishment of Pakistan, Mr. Jinnah has declined to furnish the Viceroy with any panel of names for the proposed Executive Council. The composition of the Congress panel has not yet been officially announced; but, according to reports in the Indian press, it includes five Hindus, two Congress Muslims and three Muslim Leaguers, as well as various minority candidates. In his latest conversations with Lord Wavell, Mr. Jinnah is understood to have stipulated that all the Muslim seats on the Council must be filled exclusively from League nominations. Failing to secure acceptance of that condition, he has decided not to "play." His reasoning is apparently that, if the League entered a Council containing Congress Muslims, its minority position would be inadequately protected by the Viceroy's veto; the Congress majority would at once force an issue inimical to Muslim interests, and the League would be placed in the invidious position of having either to yield or to "walk out" and leave the field to its opponents. In this atmosphere of suspicion the outlook is unpromising. One solution now being canvassed is that Lord Wavell should proceed with the Council and include in it, on the Muslim side, some Leaguers and some independents acceptable to Congress.

Strike in Nigeria

A strike of all African Civil Servants in Nigeria has lasted for over three weeks. The public life of the Colony has been paralysed. What is it all about? The immediate point of conflict seems to be the question of wages and cost of living allowances. The cost of living has risen in Nigeria by over 200 per cent. since the outbreak of war, and the gap has not been nearly met by wage increases and special allowances. An additional factor causing general discontent is that prices paid to Africans for their local produce—such as cocoa and palm oil—have risen very little above the pre-war level. These products have been wholly bought up during the war by Government Boards at fixed prices. This is a state of affairs which has agitated public opinion throughout almost every colony during the war. It was the cause of the riots in Mauritius in 1943 and of a whole series of strikes in Cyprus; it was also the main cause of the recent general strike in Uganda, "unrest" in Tanganyika, Palestine, most of the West Indian colonies, and throughout West Africa. Colonial governments have hesitated to apply minimum wage ordinances, or to give adequate cost of living allowances. The excuse is that local inflation must be avoided; but though wages are kept down, the cost of living is not. In Nigeria the position has been complicated by the grant during the war of fairly generous cost of living allowances to European officials. This has angered the African, who argues that he makes "sacrifices" while the European makes profits. Strikers in Nigeria are being thrown into prison, and the defence regulations on press censorship, which were repealed only last month after victory in Europe, have been re-enacted.

Planning Paralysed

Most of the departments dealing with major questions of post-war policy are now marking time until they know what political masters they will have to obey, and what the future line of Government policy is to be. Local authority planning is also practically standing still, pending decisions on the future of local finance and of the control of land use. The general mood of the

local authorities appears to be one of pessimism about the future, leading to a cutting-down of ambitious plans for the rebuilding of congested urban areas and to a refusal to look more than a little way ahead in considering prospects of the growth of population and employment. No one seems any longer to take seriously the more constructive parts of the White Paper on Employment Policy. This mood of economic and social pessimism, which is already setting in, reacts seriously on every aspect of local and regional planning. It curtails projects for giving practical effect to the Education Act or for improving local amenities, as well as housing projects and regional co-operation between neighbouring authorities for purposes of town and country planning. In particular, the financial impasse is serious. Rates increases in most areas shows every sign of being quite inadequate to meet the cost of local services unless Exchequer grants are made much more generous. But the local authorities and the Treasury are competitive both in the sphere of loan capital designed for economic and social development and in that of current taxation for meeting recurring demands.

War Factories and Employment

The allocation of war factories is already giving rise to a pretty group of problems. When the shadow factories were built, promises were made in many cases that they would be allotted after the war to the firms which accepted responsibility of management for war purposes. These promises are now coming due for fulfilment. But in many instances the war factories were designed to draw on labour which could be released from civilian industries for the duration of the war. The civilian industries now want an assurance of getting their labour back; but the shadow factories want to retain the same labour for the new types of production which they propose to start on a permanent basis as they are released from war contracts. Moreover, in some areas the war factories offer the best field for the dispersal of local industries from congested, or blitzed, urban areas; but if they are taken over by big firms for new branches of production, where are the pre-war employees to go, in view of the sheer impossibility of getting new factories built for a considerable time to come? These complications will obstruct any national policy for the control of industry, designed to secure a balanced distribution of openings for employment and to prevent the undue growth of particular areas, or those over-dependent on a single type of production. Existing planning powers are quite insufficient for dealing with problems of this type.

The Dockers Go Slow

The go-slow strike which is holding up work at the London docks appears to be a protest against the reduced rates introduced on the conclusion of hostilities in Europe. Under war conditions, which included special war risks, the dockers and stevedores received special piece-rates which have now been withdrawn in favour of new provisional rates to which the two Unions concerned agreed to give a three months' trial. The men object to the new rates, and are demanding a substantial increase in the day-work wage. No doubt one factor in the trouble is that the men are tired out, and therefore fed up, and are glad to seize the interval for a bit of a rest. The Unions are doing their best to persuade their members to abandon their delaying tactics, but so far without success. There is probably a great deal of this sort of trouble brewing among workers who have stuck to the jobs manfully for the past five years and are now thoroughly fagged and faced with a sharp fall in earnings as the special wartime conditions of payment cease to apply. There were similar phenomena on a very large scale in 1919, and we cannot hope altogether to escape them now, despite the continuance of war operations in the Far East.

NOWHERE TO GO

HOLIDAYS are, or ought to be, a high priority in post-war national planning. Yet, so far as the 1945 holiday season is concerned, even the limited opportunities which might have been taken by the Government to provide for the recreational needs of war-workers have been neglected. Although the Catering Wages Commission drew attention last November to the gravity of the problem which would arise if the European war ended before this summer, the process of de-requisitioning and rehabilitating accommodation in "resorts" has moved at snail's pace; and it does not seem to have occurred to the Ministry of Works that shortage might have been relieved by making some of the redundant wartime hostels and camps—to say nothing of the many large country houses under requisition and empty—available for holiday-makers. The result is that reports from every seaside town speak of lamentable congestion: queues by day and bedrooms dangerously overcrowded by night are making a travesty of "rest" which millions had legitimately hoped for brief periods to enjoy. With semi-slum conditions created on every coast, real damage to public health and decency is being done; and thousands of families eager for a holiday can find nowhere to go.

Unless vigorous action is taken, these anti-social conditions will recur next year. With the extension of the "holidays-with-pay" rule in industry, the number of potential holiday-makers will approach 30 millions, or double the pre-war figure. If the solution of the problem is left to unplanned private enterprise in the catering industry, the result will be chaos. This is not to say that all the trades serving the needs of holiday-makers should be nationalised, still less that recreational facilities should be subject to State regimentation. In coping with the many varieties of public demand, the privately owned hotel and seaside lodging, the commercial "entertainment camp," the numerous voluntary organisations promoting ramblers' hostels; the farm which takes in the touring cyclist—all these have a valuable part to play. What is needed is that the Government should recognise that the provision of adequate holiday facilities, particularly for families whose ability to afford them is marginal, is a national responsibility. Capital expenditure is required which local authorities, conscious of responsibility to their own ratepayers, cannot be expected to find. Whether the precedent established before the war in Belgium be followed, and a special Office for Workers' Holidays be constituted to promote and co-ordinate development of facilities, or an existing Department be charged with the task, it is essential that the needs of holiday-makers should be studied as an integral part of a national plan of social reconstruction.

There are two sides to the question. In a recent study* published under the auspices of Nuffield College, emphasis is rightly laid on the gregarious tendency of urban workers, particularly those who are unused to taking holidays away from their homes. Their first demand is for amenities of a familiar urban type—the band-stand, the cinema and Woolworths—transplanted to a beach where crowds, up to a point, are enjoyed. That is, for many years to come, the seaside resort is likely to come first in popularity. All that is required in this direction of the Government is that de-requisitioning of buildings should be undertaken with a real sense of urgency; that considerably more generous financial aid should be given to the rehabilitation of blitzed seaside towns, together with adequate provision of loan capital for the improvement of catering establishments; and that the enterprises of Mr. Butlin or other mass camp promoters should be so sited as not to spoil places of natural beauty.

Even now, however, there is a considerable proportion of urban workers to whom the thronged resort makes no appeal. The Nuffield paper already quoted remarks that, as the holiday habit grows, there is a tendency (most marked, naturally, among younger people) to exercise greater initiative and explore fresh, more remote ground. Confirmatory evidence is to be found in the notable growth before the war of the membership of Youth Hostels and similar organisations catering for visitors to inland "scenic" areas such as the Lakes, the Snowdon *massif*, the Pennine Chain and the Scottish Highlands. Not all urban workers, however, are in a position to go "rambling." For those with young families a more static form of holiday is required; and, as an alternative to the crowded seaside resort, the need is for the provision of country accommodation at prices within the range of modest means. It is doubtful if this will be forthcoming quickly enough or on an adequate scale unless private enterprise is supplemented. There is scope here for Trade Union initiative. (In 1938 the Trade Unions in the U.S.S.R. owned some 600 rest-houses, with over 100,000 beds.) Alternatively, a National Holiday Corporation, employing the various voluntary organisations as its agents or leasing concessions to approved managements, might be responsible for the provision of facilities. Country mansions, whose owners will never again be in residence, abound; and there are many Ordnance Factory and other hostels suitable for adaptation, until the building of rest-houses in suitable districts becomes feasible.

Finally, as an essential factor in the planning of adequate national holiday facilities, there is the question of "access." Apart from the need to settle, once for all, the legal controversies over public "right-of-way" on footpaths and to overcome the obstruction of selfish landlords which resulted in the positively retrograde 1939 Access to Mountains Act, the new Parliament, we trust, will see to it that the promise, given by successive Ministers of Works in the Coalition, that National Parks will be established, is not forgotten. Recommendations for their siting and administration have been made in an admirable report† by Mr. John Dower, dealing with England and Wales, and by the Ramsay Committee‡ in Scotland. Of the 58,000 square miles of England and Wales, some 12,000 square miles still consist of relatively wild country; and in Scotland this definition applies to two-thirds of the whole area of 30,000 square miles. It is proposed that areas amounting to 3,600 square miles in England and Wales, and to 1,870 square miles in Scotland, should be immediately selected as National Parks, with an additional 5,000 square miles (700 in Scotland) reserved for future additions.

In reinforcing the conclusions of the Scott Committee that areas thus designated should be controlled by a National Parks Authority, the signatories of these reports believe that obstruction by landlords and proprietors of shootings could be overcome without acquisition of all the land by the State. Mr. Dower, whose first six areas comprise the Lake District, Snowdonia, Dartmoor, the Peak and parts of the Pembroke and Cornish coasts, is emphatic that powers of compulsory purchase would have to be a sanction held in reserve; but his view is that existing rights accorded to the Minister of Town and Country Planning are adequate to preserve natural beauties from spoliation and to ensure "access." He expects that the development of facilities in the Parks—secondary roads, footpaths, hostels and mountain-shelters, piers, boat-houses and so forth—would be entrusted partly to the "collective" voluntary organisations and partly to private enterprise. So far as England and Wales are con-

* *Holiday Making and the Holiday Trades.* By Elizabeth Brunner. *Oxford University Press.* 2s. 6d.

† *National Parks in England and Wales.* Report by John Dower. Cmd. 6628. *Stationery Office.* 1s.

‡ *National Parks: A Scottish Survey.* Report by Scottish National Parks Survey Committee. *Stationery Office.* 6d.

cerned, Mr. Dower's conception of a supervising authority, not concerned with capital expenditure, might work if the Minister of Planning were energetic and not subservient to Tory landlords. In Scotland, or at least in the remoter Highland areas, it would probably be essential that the National Parks Authority should undertake the functions of entrepreneur to a greater extent. Out of the five areas given priority by the Ramsay Committee—Loch Lomond, Glen Affric, Ben Nevis, the Cairngorms and the great mountain area between Loch Torridon and Loch Broom—all but the first are fairly remote from large centres of population. Provision of facilities—footpaths and accommodation—would not be "profitable" from the narrow standpoint either of local authorities or private enterprise. Yet in these areas (and this consideration applies with still greater force to the whole of the incomparable western half of Sutherland) capital expenditure is essential not merely in the interests of potential holiday-makers but to check the present rapid drift towards complete depopulation.

That aspect of the question—the restoration of an economic basis for life in some of Britain's lovely and inaccessible areas—would lead us outside our present purpose into the correlated issues of hydro-electric development, "assisted" transport charges, and so forth. What we are immediately concerned to do is to urge that the next Parliament shall insist on having the problem of a balanced provision of holiday facilities—resorts, country rest-houses, entertainment camps, National Parks—treated as a matter of high-priority national importance. Bombed buildings and blitzed sites are not the only scars left by the war. We all need a holiday this year if we are to get on with the job. And we need the chance of satisfactory annual holidays in the future.

SIMLA ATMOSPHERE

[*By Air Mail from a Special Correspondent*]

YESTERDAY about tiffin-time I smelt the odour of curry and fell for it. To get some of that curry meant going into a small Indian eating house seldom frequented by Europeans, but I felt it had to be done. I was in civilian clothes. On the table was a copy of the *National Call*. Its main feature was a commentary on the Viceroy's famous "forgive and forget" phrase. Indians, said the writer, are a gentle people. They may well "forgive," but can they "forget"? Forget Linlithgow? Not likely. The *National Call*, like most nationalist papers, is engaged in a journalistic struggle—how to express the new glimmering of hope with a pen long dipped in the ink-well of despair.

While I was reading and mixing up my pillau with ghi and turmeric and peppercorns, the Indian in charge of the place, a young man of about 30, asked me airily: "Any news?" "Not much." I said. "Do you think they'll make some sort of a job of it?" The Indian answered: "They must; it must not break down this time." Very anxious to know, I asked: "Do the people *want* it to succeed?". "Deeply," he replied, "deeply. I cannot tell you how deeply they want a change. Oh, how we want an end of the old imperialism. Are you British, by the way?" "Yes," I said. "My slogan is unconditional departure. Let there be just one condition. Let us take some of the sterling balances to pay the pensions of the chaps who would lose their jobs, and so on, but apart from that, let's leave India to sink or swim as she thinks fit." "Yes, that is very desirable, and no Indian would object to it. Well, we shall see, we shall see." He sighed and turned to another customer.

A fortnight ago the atmosphere was grim. The Viceroy had proposed an interim Executive Council consisting, among others, of equal numbers of Muslims and caste Hindus. By the words "caste Hindus," he meant to exclude the untouchables. It seemed as though this proposal was the only way of securing the co-operation of Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League. Immediately there was a spate of debating points on all sides. League spokesmen said that the League must be entitled to put forward all the Muslim representatives on the council and would tolerate no "Muslim showboys" put up by Congress. In other words, they would play only so long as Congress agreed to regard itself as the organisation solely of the Hindus, putting forward only Hindu representatives to the Council.

It was a case of mutual bluff. The bluff of the League is that it really does represent the Muslim community. The bluff of Congress is that it really does represent India as a whole. What stuffing is there in these two bluffs? Mr. Gandhi said that he was not beyond advising the Working Committee of Congress to put forward a set of representatives to the Viceroy's Council consisting entirely of important Muslims and other non-Hindus. Mr. Jinnah looked like threatening to sabotage the entire scheme if any non-League Muslim representatives were appointed to the Council. Two facts now seem to indicate that in this tussle the Congress case is the stronger. First, the Viceroy, following Mr. Gandhi's insistence, has invited the Congress president, a Muslim, the Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, to attend the Simla Conference. Secondly, there is the test case of the North-West Frontier Province, which possesses a Congress Ministry of Muslims. Representatives of the government of that province must, surely, be entitled to participate in the central government. They could not be debarred from doing so on any communal grounds. Thus, so far, it seems that it is the bluff of the League that has been successfully called. For the League to refuse to play now would involve its departure into a political desert from which any return would not be easy.

What strength is there in the League case? As I see it, the League is a sort of defensive trade union of Indian Muslims, and Pakistan is not really the important element in its outlook. It is a fact that the dominant industrial, commercial and administrative groups in India are Hindus and Congress-minded. The danger of a Hindu Raj is real. The strength of the League in recent years has been based upon thousands of cases of Hindu discrimination against individual Muslims during the period of Congress provincial rule between 1937 and 1939. Discrimination took the form of job favouritism and such incidents as the refusal by Hindu landlords of lodgings for Muslims in provinces where Hindus are in an overwhelming majority. Whatever the national aspirations of Congress may be, these things occurred and plunged many Muslims into enraged disillusionment and fear of the Hindu Raj.

I believe the mere fact of the existence of the League, as an organisation that may gather sudden and immense strength if Congress pursues anti-Muslim tactics, is a good augury for the future. The League will compel Congress to subordinate its inevitable Hinduism to its truly national character. Hindu trade unionism may safely be left to the Mahasabha.

There is another good thing about the League. Ideas of Socialism and Communism spring much more readily to the Muslim than to the Hindu mind. It is far easier for a young Muslim to embrace the egalitarian element in scientific humanism than for a young Hindu, for whom caste is the fundamental tenet of belief. If Congress wishes to prevent conversions to Islam of great sections of the working class, and to prevent intelligent young Muslims from utilising the League as a vehicle for Left-wing attacks upon the predatory capitalists of India, who are mainly Hindus, then Congress must embrace progressive policies with some show of meaning. The Hindu industrialists, in other words, are prevented by the Left Wing element in the League from getting away with it completely. It is no accident, also, but a significant fact in Indian politics, that the Indian Communist Party makes recruits among Muslim intellectuals more easily than among Hindus. It is also significant that every Indian communal and political section, including even the Hindu Mahasabha, is now making a show of "Beveridgism" and concern for the welfare of the dumb masses of India. There is, moreover, a widespread latent social Jacobinism in India which is one of the redeeming features in the long-run situation.

A month ago I liked to say to myself, cynically, "Everything is fine. Every three years we dish up a constitutional scheme for the scrutiny of Indian statesmen. They reject it. The typewriters are kept busy and all are happy." That is what we felt a month ago. Those who feel like that now are not observing the Indian mind.

Simla. June 26.

A LONDON DIARY

JUST now, waiting for the totally incalculable results of the election, I feel that it has been an interlude, involving much fun and a pleasurable release of pent-up emotions, but from the point of view of the real issues of mankind fought mainly on irrelevancies. It is a waste of money to bet on results; we know that for the first time in history rural workers have ceased to be afraid and voted in large numbers for Labour, that Liberalism has polled well, and the scares have fallen flat. But who has won the seats is anyone's guess. Anyway, a good time was had by all. We have now to turn our minds to the realities; to the horrors of the Japanese war, in which all the mistakes of unconditional surrender and indiscriminate bombing are being repeated; to the problem of Europe which, as Governor Lehmann tells us, is heading straight for famine and pestilence; to the creation of a new civilisation and the question how, as we go, we can salvage some of the good parts of the old.

* * *

Broadcasting from Berlin, Richard Dimbleby displayed the prevalent fear of basing anything on any moral principle when he suggested that we must worry about the German people, not because of any feeling of common humanity, but because of the danger that we should suffer with them and catch the plague if it were allowed to begin in Europe. But the real reason for feeding people is that they are also human beings. Fantastically, "fraternisation" has become a word denoting sexual intercourse ("frats" and "fratting" are new Army words), and it is a measure of our degradation that the B.B.C. should discuss, as a way out of the problem, a suggestion that German girls be allowed to wear the badges of "displaced persons," and therefore be allowed to solace the tired Allied warrior.

* * *

A year ago, when Paris was celebrating the first July 14th of a new liberation, a Frenchman, who knows this country well, said to me: "You English will not begin by storming a Bastille; you will begin by establishing 'squatters' rights' in unoccupied basements." To-day my friend might claim that his prediction is being fulfilled by the activities of the Brighton Vigilantes, who are commandeering empty premises and installing in them the homeless or "inadequately housed" families of Service men. This movement, I see, is starting also in London districts and will certainly spread in default of vigorous official action. The Vigilantes' motives are doubtless excellent, and, in so far as they aim simply at shaking up an apparently complacent Ministry of Health, I wish them well; when houses are empty and hundreds of "displaced persons" have nowhere to live, drastic means are justified. The "Englishman's Castle" doctrine cannot be applied with any moral force to homes which are unoccupied. But there are serious objections to the growth of irregular commandeering by groups of individuals. Such a movement could only too easily degenerate into a gangsters' racket, or be exploited by political enemies of democracy. But irregular action may help to galvanise Ministries and local authorities into immediate action.

This week Radio Luxemburg, which since its capture in September 1944 has been run as an international station under S.H.A.E.F. control, reverts to the American Office of War Information and becomes the key broadcasting station for the American Zone in Germany. So ends the last and most successful of the wartime experiments in international broadcasting. Like its predecessors in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, Radio Luxemburg was a really integrated inter-Allied organisation. Its staff, recruited from almost every European nation, with a large preponderance of British and Americans, had to learn to discard national affiliations and serve a Supreme Commander out not to further the interests of any particular nation, but simply to win the war and to win the peace. It was a baffling atmosphere for a new recruit, trained for years to the national publicity of his particular Ministry of Information. Here, under Noel Newsom, one-time B.B.C. "Man in the Street," who resigned his job to take control, was a body of journalists and commentators and radio technicians, united by a common dislike of chauvinist propaganda and a genuinely international outlook. They had to learn to give a European and not merely a national view.

* * *

Radio Luxemburg secured a far bigger audience in Germany than any station, including the B.B.C., whose programmes it regularly relayed. Partly this was due to geography; it was the easiest station for anybody in Western Germany to find. But very largely it was due to the freshness and vividness of its reporting and to the absence of that national publicity which is spotted as propaganda by every listener. It was, I believe, the only Western European station which spoke in Russian to Russians. It is no secret that everyone connected with it, including General McClure, the American officer in S.H.A.E.F. responsible for it, and William Paley, his deputy and president of the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation, pressed hard for maintaining its international status in the post-war period. But Radio Luxemburg had incurred the tacit disapproval of the powers-that-be. The B.B.C., which at first sent it some first-rate staff, came to view it as a potential peacetime rival, and recalled the B.B.C. personnel this summer to strengthen its own German service. So O.W.I. takes it over this week. But, if the British Government really wanted to see Radio Luxemburg continue and develop as a truthful and unbiased international broadcasting station, neither the Americans nor the French would stand in the way. There is still time.

* * *

I have often wondered how Mr. Churchill's bland assumption that only a Tory like himself could be a truly national leader sounded in Australia. There a period of extremely ineffective Conservative Government was ended by the emergence of John Curtin, as the great war leader. No Englishman, least of all Mr. Churchill, can deny that Curtin, without abating his Socialist principles, fought as toughly as any Tory for Australia's rights in the grim spring of 1942. Not only did he by his personal influence unite Australia; what was even more difficult, he united Australian Labour. He had not the rich rhetoric or dramatic leadership of Mr. Churchill; but he did possess to the full the quiet tenacity, the concern for the working man and the common sense which are the true qualities of Labour leadership when it assumes national responsibilities. His death will create grave problems for Australia. I only hope that his successor, who will be elected, according to tradition, by the Parliamentary Labour Party, will find it possible to hold together the conflicting interests inside Australian Labour.

* * *

I wish more people could have had the chance to see the excellent show which the A.B.C.A. play unit put on at the Arts Theatre last week. As the unit is off to tour the B.L.A. the run was unfortunately limited to three days. But I hope we shall see both of the two short plays *The Great Swap* and *Where do we go from Here?* in the West End again. Both of them make brilliant use of the "living-newspaper" technique, using dramatic episodes to put over current events. *The Great Swap* is the story of Lend-Lease, and tells, quite simply but with enormous effect, how we got economic co-operation in war by reckoning in terms of the job to be done instead of the balance of payments. *Where do we go from Here?* is Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole* all over again plus another wartime lesson—the value of planning our economy to prevent a repetition of the years which followed 1918. I can understand why these plays have been so popular with army audiences. The dialogue and the situations would ring true to anybody who had been brought up in a working-class home. I hope this system of Army education will be extended.

* * *

I had more than an impersonal regret for the accident in which Sir William Malkin (legal adviser to the Foreign Office), Col. Dunn, Mr. Peel, and several admirable Foreign Office secretaries lost their lives. It so happened that a number of these officials were fellow passengers on the aircraft that recently carried me out to San Francisco. Sir William Malkin seemed to me one of the kindest and best of men. He was very deaf, very experienced (he had attended innumerable international conferences), and he was withal delightfully companionable.

* * *

Listening to Lord Keynes' B.B.C. talk on the transformation of C.E.M.A. into the Arts Council last Sunday, I thought what a good thing it would be if he were made Minister of Fine Arts.

* * *

Mrs. Churchill's *My Visit to Russia* (Hutchinson, 1s.) is charming in its sincerity and warmth of feeling. She makes one remark which surprises me:—

> There is some quality in the traditional treatment of children in Russia that seems to instil obedience and good manners without fear—at least, until the age of seven or eight. I believe that no child is ever beaten in Russia. That was true in the old pre-Revolution days as well as in Soviet times.

I am puzzled by the suggestion that children were not whipped in Tsarist days. I recall a story in Chekov of child beating and the film *Gorki's Childhood* contains a savage and terrible picture of a child being flogged. I have always understood that the fathers in Tsarist Russia used the stick, just as the Little Father ordered the knout.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. R. Upcher.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

My wife was certainly going to vote Conservative if I voted Labour. What would have been the good of that? We have agreed both to vote Liberal and do some good.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian.*

I've voted for the man I don't want to see elected, said a London man after leaving his polling station. I've been backing horses for some time and have never chosen a winner, and I want my bad luck to continue in this election.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

Arab nations . . . . have become our friends largely owing to my efforts. Thirty million Arabs will be watching with keen interest—even anxiety—the result of the electoral contest in the city of Carlisle.—Extract from Election Address of Sir Edward Spears, Conservative Candidate for Carlisle.

Buses are run almost entirely for the benefit of the drivers and conductors.—Letter in *Sunday Express.*

ON BEING SUDDENLY INFAMOUS

IF Disraeli awoke to find himself famous, I have had nearly a month of the reverse experience. It is a curious sensation. Its most singular aspect is the almost complete deprivation of privacy. The press takes you over as a kind of museum specimen. Journalists ring up to ask you the most fantastic questions at every hour of the day and night. Views are attributed to you which you never held; habits are ascribed to you which you cannot recognise as your own. Your ordinary study becomes a mysterious "sound-proof room." Your normal conversation becomes a formalised scene in an Edgar Wallace play. Public men who either never heard of you or knew you only as a remote figure at an occasional dinner party describe you with virtuous indignation as a combination of the less admirable habits of Guy Fawkes with the more pernicious doctrines of Trotsky. The man in the street, who sees you perhaps for a fleeting ten minutes at a public meeting, looks at you as though you were either a reincarnation of Palmer the poisoner or Peter the Painter. Even your friends tend to look at you a little nervously as though in half-expectation that you must have undergone a serious operation.

Most curious of all is the mass of almost incredible letters you receive. I omit the letters from one's friends, both known and unknown: they testify to the faith one remains entitled amid all mad injustice to retain in the inherent decency of mankind. I omit, too, the men and women who, at the orders of their masters, are organising you into place as the victim to be infamous; they, as some shy telephone conversations, mostly under seal of confidence, have assured me, have felt driven to do a "dirty job" because they could hardly dare to risk their means of livelihood.

But the letters of abuse from people unknown to one are a fantastic cross-section of the opinion made by the yellow press. All in all, there were nearly two hundred of them. Only two were signed and written from a specific address; one was from the widow of a titled business man, and notable only for its remarkable knowledge of the less decent vocabulary of that language we have agreed (perhaps unfairly) to call "Billingsgate." Another was on the notepaper of a famous London club, and, on the basis of the metaphors and similes its author chose to employ, could only have been explained by a psychoanalyst.

The anonymous vilifiers varied. Some were eager and open Fascists; others, men (or women) who were either obvious relatives of Colonel Blimp (by all odds the least offensive) or those who felt that their ardent affection for Mr. Churchill could only be displayed by the threat, mostly to other Socialists as well as to myself, that, when the day of victory dawned (they did not explain what victory), its happiest feature would be the establishment in England of our own Belsens and Buchenwalds in which the writers hoped to play their part in wreaking revenge upon the infamous. It was, I thought, notable that only one amongst all these claimed to be a soldier; and that four were in the same handwriting, with the same postmark, although posted at different times.

Of some interest, too, were the speeches to which my sudden infamy gave rise. One excited colonel (quite obviously, I should have guessed, on the retired list) told a meeting that "I held a knife at the throat of the community." A young Tory reformer, a member of the late House of Commons and a candidate for the new one, told one of his meetings that, in a wireless debate with me, I had averred that, in its last stages, Socialism could only come "by the use of the whip"; I was amused when, by reference to the archives of the B.B.C., I found the actual phrase was his, and that I had, with some insistence, denied that it was valid. To another candidate, no doubt in

considerable danger from a redoubtable opponent, I was a "self-confessed revolutionary," though I suspect the gallant major would have found it difficult to quote the texts upon which he based his special insight.

Granted the way in which he chose to run this election, I suppose it was inevitable that, sooner or later, Mr. Churchill should have decided to take a hand. After all, he wanted to win the election, and he does not seem to have cared very greatly by what means he won it. So I became a variation upon the basic themes of a Phillips Oppenheim novel. Sometimes I was the "almost unknown" figure leading a secret band of conspirators who sought to subvert Parliamentary government. Sometimes I was the irresponsible mystery-man who, like all but a fraction of my fellow-citizens, expressed political opinions without even standing as a candidate for the House of Commons. Sometimes he challenged Mr. Attlee to obtain my signature to a document which Mr. Churchill must have yearned for almost as much as Lord Beaverbrook, since he could then have asked the electorate to infer that, somewhere, in the cellars of Transport House perhaps, there really was a Socialist Gestapo in which, no doubt, I played the part of Himmler. Mr. Churchill, even in five years of colleagueship, had failed to notice a latent streak of sardonic satire in Mr. Attlee's mind; and I venture to doubt whether he wholly appreciated, in Mr. Attlee's answers to his ponderous follies, the proof of his abysmal ignorance of a party constitution which had been a public document for 27 years.

And there were, of course, the photographs. I found myself reproduced in every sort of guise and posture. Sometimes a face, almost devoid of features, obviously recited, through the vast cavern of a mouth to which it was restricted, the last thrilling phrases of the *Communist Manifesto*. Sometimes a normal snapshot was touched up to leave with the city stockbroker who read his evening paper on the five-fifteen to Brighton the impression that I had been allowed the day before, in grim despair of any cure, to leave an idiot's home. Sometimes I was shown with Party colleagues, that the hidden assassins who were hatching their vile designs might be recognised by the public; it was a pity, perhaps, that most of these were the faces of smiling men and women who lacked that artistic gift of the supreme actor which enables Mr. Churchill, at the appropriate moment, to exchange his famous schoolboy-grin for that statesman's scowl so superbly proportionate to the Atlas-like burden he is prepared, as ever, to bear alone. Perhaps the highest achievement of the photographers was the skill with which they enabled me day in and day out to travel on train and tube and bus without ever being recognised, save by two engine-drivers, who were, comparatively, of very minor rank among the Storm-troops of the Socialist movement.

And then came polling day. With the same curt irrelevance as had marked my emergence, I was whisked back from the front-page to that ivory-tower in which I could live in that state of wistful coma the universities call research. No more headlines; no more photographs; no more gossip-paragraphs by those marvellous Tadpoles and Tapers who know everyone only when there is a dishonest penny to be turned by knowing him. The telephone is silent; the fan-mail ceases to burden the postman; for weeks to come most people have had their fill of meetings, and my name, even if shouted through a loud speaker, would not draw even a British-Israelite to a parish hall. The Prime Minister himself feels that the country is safe enough for him to leave it to the care of underlings while he rests, after detective exertions unrivalled since the hero of Lord Tweedsmuir's great saga saved Western civilisation in the sunshine of the Riviera. Himmler and Goebbels are dead; Göring and Ribbentrop are safely in custody; Mussolini was the just victim of an angry people; even if the "bestial excesses" of Bolshevism remain, we are all protected by the proud knowledge that Marshal Stalin is Mr. Churchill's "good friend." And for all practical purposes, since I am dead, too, the expert producers of the Prime Minister's slap-stick comedy must look for a first-class murder or, at least, a civil war upon the Continent, to win attention. There are not even any test-matches this year.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THROUGH THE DEAD CITIES

THE spires of the cathedrals are visible from afar, long before the great cities themselves come into view. As the jeep reaches the crest of the hill, the fields on either side are tilled and in perfect shape. The orchards are well kept. The terraced vineyards that often rise steeply to your right and left and accompany the road for mile after mile in timeless, sunbathed placidity, have been tended and seem merely to await the rounding of the summer and harvest time. People, mostly women, children, and older men, are busy everywhere among the furrows and trees. The cattle are there. So are the bees and butterflies, and dogs, cats, and more children in the open doors. Is this, one asks, the land of war?

Then suddenly the vast, grey-brown expanse of the big city emerges. The cathedral is there, dominating majestically the enormous sprawling maze of stone, and through it a bridgeless river trails an unconcerned silver ribbon. Even at very short distance all looks normal, untouched, peaceful. True, the sky above the city is of a clarity that should arouse suspicion: no smoke rises from this sea of stone; the dense, murky haze that usually hangs over big busy cities is not there. But one does not at once grasp the meaning. There is a restful Sunday atmosphere about the place. The first suburban villas appear. They are damaged, with windows blasted and mended and roofs blown off and patched up somehow. With mingled relief and satisfaction one notes that one isn't travelling in the wrong world, after all. People are about in fair numbers, but as the jeep pushes on they grow rapidly fewer, and so do the houses. The world of rubble begins.

Rubble on both sides of the road, big and small heaps of white, yellow, pink rubble under shattered elm-trees. The trees disappear and the heaps of rubble grow into mounds. Here and there a broken front-wall, a cracked façade with nothing behind it, a row of empty window-squares still block the view. They make one realise, with a sudden shock, that elsewhere the view is not obstructed. Although, in the middle of the city, the eye is actually free to wander in all directions over this ocean of broken stone and mortar, with nothing taller than a man's height to bar the silent gaze. For silence has now descended. We have found our way into what must have been the centre of the big city. There is the cathedral. Above it stretches the endless expanse of the summer sky. It is no city sky, occasionally perceived with a craned neck in small sections above our heads, but the limitless dome of plain and prairie. And around us lies the white sea of rubble, faceless and featureless in the bright sunlight, acres and acres of white, bleached bones, the sprawling skeleton of a giant animal.

The stillness is complete. There is nothing here, neither sound nor movement. There is nothing, except an occasional military lorry rumbling past, down the lane cleared by the bulldozers, disappearing behind the mounds of rubble, no one except an occasional dejected-looking member of the disbanded Wehrmacht, who comes trudging round the corner, stick in hand and bundle slung over shoulder, takes a furtive look at the scenery, gives a shrug and trudges on. Suddenly and without warning one is filled with an overwhelming sense of futility and meaninglessness. Suspended in time and cast out into an uncharted wilderness, unable to remember one's purpose in coming here, or any purpose at all, for that matter, one feels one's mind rapidly filling up with dust and deadness and more dust, clambers into the jeep and gropes one's way out. The few minutes that it takes to leave the dead city seem like hours. At last, the green peaceful, living countryside is reached. The last heap of bleached bones is left behind. Vineyards, fields, orchards peopled by women and children stretch again on both sides of the smooth, straight motor highway. But ahead of us, far away in the distance, against the pale blue summer sky rises the spire of the next cathedral.

We used to have a vocabulary with which to describe bombed cities. Words like damaged, blasted, burnt-out, shattered, broken; terms like débris, collapsed wall, bricks, masonry, bent girders, fallen beams; categories like slightly damaged, heavily damaged, beyond repair, totally destroyed, though stereotyped and used mechanically in official jargon, had a meaning to us and described more or less adequately, if not very imaginatively, what happened to our cities in the days of the various blitzes. One has to stand in the centre of one of the big German cities and look round to realise the utter inadequacy of this vocabulary to describe what has happened here. Here one needs new eyes to see, and totally new words to describe. Nothing like this has ever happened anywhere else before. Words like "damaged" mean nothing in Cologne, Frankfurt, Stuttgart or Munich. There is no "damage" because the damaged thing itself has disappeared. If a certain house or quarter is described to you as "intact" you may assume that it looks just a little worse than the worst-blitzed parts of London or Plymouth. Which means that with a great deal of work and trouble you may be able to fix up a room or two which will protect you against the rain. For the rest, the fitting word is "gone"—meaning disappeared without trace. A mound of rubble may have been the main railway station, the town hall, the theatre, the museum or the Brown House. It is impossible to say which. The familiar configuration of the streets is blotted out; there are rough, bulldozer-cut thoroughfares enabling military traffic to pass through these gigantic wildernesses, but they are not streets; they lead nowhere except in and out. There are streets where there used to be houses, and where there used to be streets there is just rubble. Topography loses its meaning. Names lose their meaning. Going through more than one hundred photographs taken in half a dozen dead German cities, one finds it hard to place more than six or seven correctly. The remainder might have been taken anywhere. Unless there is somewhere on it the spire of a cathedral.

Yet the dead cities of Germany are not wholly dead. There are still people in them, and, according to official figures, in considerable numbers. The cities are all dead in the sense that they can never be rebuilt. But some are less dead than others. Frankfurt is less dead than Stuttgart. Munich is more dead than Ulm. Augsburg seems quite dead. But standing in front of the cathedral in Cologne one realises that a city can be even more dead than quite dead. And even in Cologne there are people. Well-dressed women appear from nowhere out of the rubble, carrying shopping bags with vegetables in them, and after a few dozen yards disappear again into the rubble. Whence do they come, and where do they go? Where did they manage to find the cabbage and the stick of rhubarb? Children are playing in and out of the rubble as if they had never known any other playground. From the wind-swept, dust-filled nowhere emerges a young girl, pretty, sun-tanned, in a white plaited tennis skirt and red blazer, carrying a tennis racket, spotless and immaculate. Where did she manage to launder and iron the skirt? Where is she going to play tennis? For the hundredth time the jeep has lost its way—was it in Cologne or Munich, in Stuttgart or Karlsruhe?—and help must be sought from a "native." How do we get to Schillerstrasse? Which is the route out

f town? Willingly the man explains the way n great detail. It is only when one attempts to ollow his instructions that one realises that the ntire route, once perfectly correct, exists only n his imagination. The streets one is to follow, he turns one is to take, are simply not there. But for him they exist. To him every mound f rubble has a name and a face. With him housands of rubble-dwellers live in memory-owns which have no relation whatever to reality. To the stranger who arrives with curiosity and leparts in a daze, this adds a truly frightening ouch. But the uncanniness reaches its height t night. For in this fathomless and ghostly blackness under a starlit sky, in this utter stillness, here are lights—a very few, here and there, hining from a cellar entrance, a patched-up window in a huge moonlit ruin, isolated, unconnected, symbols of the utter loneliness of man n the desert of his life. Who, one wonders, are hese hermits and what are they doing? Do they know about each other, or is it each one for himself and his little candle-stump?

Babylon and Nineveh were never rebuilt. One can easily imagine that Stuttgart and Munich, Frankfurt and Cologne will not be rebuilt either. There is practically no building material in these dead cities which is worth salvaging and which could be used again. To clear the sites of some thirty or forty major cities in Germany would take not years but probably several generations, even if the transport existed and were available for so gigantic an undertaking, which in the last resort must remain an unproductive and unprofitable one. Builders, moreover, explain that existing machinery could not hope to tackle the demolition job; bulldozers are good, but not good enough; something new and on a far larger scale must be invented to crush, pulverise and lift these masses of masonry. But assuming that all this could be done and were worth doing—where is the rubble of forty major cities to go? Where are you going to dump the stuff without spreading plague and disease all over Germany once the rotten bodies of tens of thousands of dead begin to be uncovered?

To leave Germany's big dead cities to themselves, indeed, to proscribe them altogether, seems a more practical and certainly a more poetic plan. The great trunk roads and motor highways that now run through them can be diverted. Even now they merely connect nothingness with nothingness. Even now grass and weeds are growing on the mounds of rubble everywhere; in a few years from now they will have covered them; in a generation or two, by the time the clearance job would reach its end, the dead cities of Germany will have crumbled and sunk away into eternal sleep. Their population will have regathered around the many medium-size cities, and small country towns and new centres of communal life and industry, placed in fertile lands and among a richly cultivated agriculture, may grow and develop. The traveller, however, crossing Germany in fifty or a hundred years from now, may here and there, among the green fields and the sunny vineyards, come upon lonely and deserted cathedrals rearing their lovely spires into the pale-blue summer sky and wonder how they ever came to be where they are. A peaceful and enlightened German peasant by the wayside may then tell him that they are the last remaining symbols of an age that came to an end, for Germany, in the spring of 1945. And that he likes them to be where they are and would hate to miss them.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

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TARTUFFE

Of the four plays which the Comédie Française Company have acted for the past fortnight at the New Theatre, I watched with most enthusiasm their *Tartuffe*. This performance is beautiful and balanced, and one of the most exhilarating entertainments I have enjoyed since—I hardly know how long ago. Did this actor or actress fail sometimes to reveal dramatic possibilities in their parts? To that question, naturally, the answer is, "Yes." Yet it can be said of the whole cast and of M. Jean Yonnel as Tartuffe, that they transmitted the gaiety and depth of the most renowned, although not the most flawless, masterpiece of the great Master of Comedy; and that is high praise.

The marvel of Molière as a dramatist is that, although he simplified his characters down to types, the dialogue, so definite in its directions, which he put into their mouths, invites also those subtle shades of interpretation which it delights every artist-actor to supply. Many Molière parts are, as it were, blank cheques drawn on the imagination, signed by himself, which actors can then fill in either for five pounds or a hundred; M. Yonnel filled in his for a big round sum.

Commentators on the play have often drawn attention to the fact that two conceptions of Tartuffe are possible; that there are indeed two Tartuffes, imperfectly fused, in the text itself. First, there is the one who is described before he appears himself in Act III (how late!), and chiefly through the mouth of Dorine, the devoted family servant, while his detested power is suggested in flash after flash from the lips of every member of the household in turn. Dorine, that daughter of common sense and the common people beloved of Molière and to whom he lent his wit, was admirably played by Mme Bretty. Her buxom vigour and free emphatic gestures were as charming as an animated engraving by Moreau *le jeune*, while the vivacity of her elocution was electrifying. The Tartuffe Dorine's words paint for us is a greedy sacristan rat, with coarse manners and a huge appetite. "*Il a l'oreille rouge et le teint bien fleuri.*" He is a mountain of gross ignorant imposture. And such was Coquelin's Tartuffe. That conception of the part suits well enough a Tartuffe who is reported to have exhibited contrition

D'avoir pris une puce en faisant sa prière,
Et de l'avoir tuée avec trop de colère;

and it also harmonises well enough with Tartuffe's first loud words, flung over his shoulder to his servant, "Wrap my scourge in my hair-shirt," also with his next command to Dorine to cover her breast before she addresses him. But presently this conception no longer fits the character's development. Some of the succeeding scenes postulate a stealthier, cleverer rascal. A grotesquely crude humbug cannot plausibly whisper those amazingc asuistical subtleties in Elmire's ear, nor can he unmask himself with sudden formidable effrontery just before the tables are finally turned against him. Yes, in Molière's text there are two Tartuffes hardly reconcilable as one man. Certainly La Bruyère thought they were inconsistent. (See his *Portrait of a Hypocrite, Onuphre*, which is a criticism of Molière's.) An actor can choose which of the two he will emphasise; M. Yonnel stressed the deeper schemer—and rightly, because it is he who carries longest the richest dramatic burden. His was a very fine performance indeed. I am not a woman, but during the wooing of Elmire, as I listened to the low sonorous voice of his disgusting Tartuffe unwinding those splendid verses, a quivering mixture of the diction of devotion and sensuality, as I watched the greedy tenderness of his hovering touch, 'pon my word, I thought the monster was irresistible! This love scene is the only one in Molière's plays where physical desire finds direct expression, and as far as I know, also on the seventeenth-century French stage. It must have been thought daring. In Elmire I missed something: Mlle Rouer, who portrayed excellently the quiet *honnête femme*, fair and dignified, loyal and unsuspicious, failed at the beginning of this scene to convince me that Elmire would not have left the room the instant Tartuffe started making love to her. Why did she not? Because, after her first shock of amazement, "What!"

Un dévot comme vous, et que partout on nomme . . .

to which he replies:

Ah! pour être dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme,

Elmire should show by her expression that she is longing to see how far he will go. The actress should register after an instant's astonishment, curiosity melting into amusement. I did not read this on Mlle Rouer's face.

But to return to the opening scene: Act I is a masterpiece of preparation, and not only in ways I have already indicated. Orgon's suave, rigidly pious, tyrannical old mother, in the absence of her son, alone champions Tartuffe. Mme Pernelle is not one of the difficult parts, but it was well played by Mlle Fonteny, with threatening fury and traditional thumpings of her black stick. (The part was taken in 1669 by a man, an actor who was lame, and "Mme Pernelle's stick" has persisted down the centuries.) This little part is an example of the psychologically dramatic importance with which Molière sometimes invests his minor characters. Though comedy demands that Orgon should be an extravagantly credulous dupe, drama also demands that his credulity should not be too incredible. At moments it comes near to being so, until we remember it is not incredible that a son brought up by such a mother should, on the one hand, abase himself to a mentor, and on the other, tyrannise over those in his power. Orgon is a Janus part; the face he turns towards Tartuffe is one of abject subjection, towards his children one of ruthless severity. Beneath both these attitudes lies a fear, credible enough once we have seen the white, hating face of his old, bigoted mother; a terror of damnation and longing for that "salvation," to which he believes Tartuffe holds the key, and to whom in consequence he pathetically clings; and of whom he says,

Qui suit bien ses leçons goûte une paix profonde,
Et comme du fumier regarde tout le monde. . . .
Il 'm enseigne à n'avoir affection pour rien,
De toutes amitiés il détache mon âme.
Et je verrais mourir frère, enfants, mère et femme,
Que je m'en soucierais autant que de cela.

I am not sure that Orgon is not a more difficult part than Tartuffe, which granted a fine talent cannot fail to impress. To make the very most of it the actor must seize on less conspicuous opportunities. He must manage to hint, in the midst of cutting the most absurd figure in the world, at that underlying religious terror. And again he must, for example, when consenting to hide under the table to overhear Tartuffe at his wife's bidding, exhibit a contemptuous confidence that she, not he, will prove the fool. M. Seigner's Orgon was admirable in its flustered credulity and fundamental good nature, but in the above respects I thought his performance fell short. M. Chambreuil, as Cléante, contributed to the play its indispensable *honnête homme*, and also declaimed with admirable fervour the long speech in defence of real piety which Molière added to avoid the charge (he nevertheless did *not* escape) of attacking religion as well as hypocrisy.

It is well to remind ourselves that the play as we know it is an expansion of the three-act *L'Imposteur* which Louis XIV saw and enjoyed and refused to license in 1667. We may some day get to know what is on the other side of the moon or inside the Russian mind; we shall never know what the first version of *Tartuffe* was like. But this we may surmise: that certain faults in it, psychological inconsistencies in the title role, delays in development of the action and the extremely tardy appearance on the scene of Tartuffe himself, are due to the expansions and alterations made to soothe the Church and secure performance.

Yet how little these flaws matter! Molière's genius triumphs. *Tartuffe*, though not so perfect, ranks with *Le Misanthrope* as the deepest expression of it. "To love Molière," wrote Saint-Beuve, "is to be cured for ever, not merely of infamous hypocrisy, but of fanaticism, intolerance and the cursing and anathematising they breed. To love Molière is equally to be also a thousand miles away from that political fanaticism which never laughs, smells of sectarianism, and mixes in one bitter draught of doctrine the rancours and Jacobinisms of every age. It is to be not less removed from being one of those soft, musty souls who, faced with evil, can feel neither indignation nor hatred." To love Molière is also to recognise the feeble stuff of which we are made, yet avoid despising human nature overmuch, and by laughing at it to feel ourselves akin.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

RADIO NOTES

New Poems. The geometric precision of poetry (to adapt a phrase of Flaubert's) is one of those facts which are not immediately obvious: it is a truth which emerges from pondering—sometimes long pondering. But broadcast poetry is a purely temporal art, like music; you have to capture it as it flies, or not at all; unless you have the photographic memory of a child, you cannot ponder it. This is a fact I tended to forget, during the years when I myself was in charge of poetry broadcasts. In love with difficulty of all kinds, I imagined that listeners would share my own fascination with the original and vivid beauty of far-fetched images, of complex metres, of curious and fantastic conceits. I see now that I was often wrong in so imagining, and that Patric Dickinson is pursuing a safer method. I do not always care for the new poems he chooses, but I must admit they are easier to seize, on a first hearing, than most of those which struck me as worth the attempt.

Even so, the broadcasting of new verse is a chancy business; whatever the principle of selection, the decisive factor is singularly large and unknowable. But courage, and a measure of intransigence, there must be, for nothing is more futile and misleading than to give the impression that the best our contemporary poets can do is to turn out feeble imitations of Clare or Wordsworth, Shelley or Swinburne, Hardy or Rupert Brooke. And, unfortunately for Mr. Dickinson, adherents of bogus poetry are an angry and vocal sect, much given to rushing in.

On July 3rd, however, there cannot have been much to annoy them; the poems were mild and agreeable and not really difficult to grasp; and on the whole, they were very well spoken. Basil Jones tends, on occasion, to over-elaborate his diction (a failing possibly Welsh in origin); but his voice is charmingly youthful, striking, and romantic. Jill Balcon I take to be one of the best young poetry-speakers we have; she has a beautiful, unaffected delivery, and a discreet sense of rhythm; she makes her voice a channel for the poetry, lets it flow through her, uninterrupted by personal idiosyncrasies. This is hardly true of V. C. Clinton Baddeley. It is clear that there is not much he does not know about verse; but his voice has an insistent hollow ring, like a megaphone, which interferes with communication.

Edmund Kean. There should now, I seem to feel, be a close season for casting Marius Goring in the role of Neurotic Genius. His performances are becoming stereotyped—as indeed how could they fail to? On the other hand, I see the producers' difficulty, for who else is there to fill the bill, unless Emlyn Williams is ready to oblige? Mr. Goring is an unfailingly skilful actor, but I should like to hear him do something quite different for a change—a comic part, say, in a "How" programme, or in one of Peter Watts's sophisticated jokes. My grumble made, I will admit that I enjoyed this play, which seemed to me well above the usual run of its kind. The author used the medium to advantage and appears to possess a sense of period. It would be interesting to hear a series of "New Judgments" by eminent living actors on those famous artists of the past into whose shoes they have stepped.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*July 15th.* Introduction to *Peter Grimes* (11.0 a.m.); Flute and Piano (2.30).

July 16th. "The Nabara" (Poem by C. Day Lewis, 4.15); Book Talk (Elizabeth Bowen, 6.30); Brahms Violin Sonata in G (8.0).

July 17th. *Peter Grimes* (7.0–10.0 p.m.); Poetry of T. L. Beddoes (10.40).

July 19th. Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto (Ida Haendel, 6.20).

July 20th. D'Indy Symphony No. 2 (1.40); "Do Alliances help World Peace?" (7.30); "Why not Live in a Tree?" (8.30).

July 21st. Opening Promenade Concert (7.0).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"The Affairs of Susan," at the Plaza
"Doughgirls," at Warner's
"I'll Be Your Sweetheart," at the Gaumont
"The Battle for the Marianas," at Studio One

Slump. Not an idea, not even a sensation. Conviction, never far absent, that one has seen very film before and will meet it again. A couple of light comedies tread, far from lightly, across the screen. The more engaging of the two is also unbearably long. *The Affairs of Susan:* they are four (couldn't we have done with three?) and since roughly a half-hour is devoted to each, we have time to kill with Susan, her lovers, her mutations of character, even with Miss Joan Fontaine who steers us so charmingly through those land-locked waters. The bright promise of the early scenes, with the lady's taste opening out alarmingly in photographs on side-tables, settles down to the old matrimonial election in which all candidates except one must forfeit deposits. Plenty of scares and red herrings, but the result never in doubt. If there's a Laski letter here, it's in the suggestion that intellectuals write best-sellers and talk about love on a higher plane . . . Susan, it must be explained, is very adaptable. Begins by being naive with Mr. George Brent, famous stage producer; grows glamorous, intellectual and patrician in turn with a lumberman, an author, and a stuffed shirt . . . Let's skip the complications . . . "So now, Susan, instead of being all things to all men, is going to be all women to one man." Exhausting Susan! "Who are you this evening, darling?" "Joan of Arc, sweet—put some more faggots on, will you?" And what is to guarantee that she won't go back to her impersonations with others—becoming hefty, say, with a baseball champion? However, Susan's transformations, never quite convincing, especially in the horn-rim and higher-plane stage, are offered to us as steps in romantic education, that being the one kind of education Hollywood recognises. Can't help remembering that Chehov, dealing with the same theme in *The Darling*, came to a rather more ironic conclusion. Light comedies shouldn't give one time to woolgather, and perhaps I am being rather severe with *The Affairs of Susan* which entertains most of the time despite the producer's claim that it is "important." Miss Fontaine, though obviously not the moral chameleon she pretends to be, is personally irresistible, and one appreciates her changes of costume if not of character.

Doughgirls, breathless rather than funny, squeezes a laugh out of us by sheer conditioning. Lord, how often we've seen this one before! The honeymoon couple who can't be alone; the ex-wives who drop in from the past and the husbands who slam out; Ann Sheridan in a foam-bath; Charles Ruggles combining dictation with the sweets of speech; floor-space in Washington, where every hotel room is a Marx Brothers cabin—a bit seems to have been cribbed from everywhere, including ladies with mops from *Itma*. Hint of turbulent flute-players who by blowing a great deal produce a very little sound.

I'll be Your Sweetheart is an English musical about song-publishing in the 1900's. Mr. Michael Rennie can flip cigarettes into his mouth very prettily, and Miss Margaret Lockwood suggests that the old music-halls were more ladylike than lively. Mr. Vic Oliver looks round for the fun that isn't there.

Return of interest. Twenty minutes of the war in the Pacific: *The Battle for the Marianas*, which for film-reporting in the thick of battle beats anything except the Russian war documentaries. Every phase in the conquest of an island, from the first aerial softening up to the winkling-out of the last Japs with flame-throwers, is shown relentlessly and with an eye for lurid beauty. A dive-bomber chases its own bomb almost to earth level; an oil dump goes up in huge cauliflowers of smoke. The most eerie moment is near the end waiting for the Japs to surrender: they refuse. This film was made by the American Marine Corps for O.W.I.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE CAUCASUS

By PUSHKIN

I stand above the Caucasus, where lies
  By the cold torrent's edge the waste of snow;
Motionless hovers, level with my eyes,
  An eagle risen from a peak below.
Here is the birthplace of the streams, and here
The first dread motions of the avalanche stir.

Below me pass the clouds, serenely fair;
  Through them the falling waters ever sound;
Far down, the shoulders of the rocks are bare,
  Gray scrub and meagre mosses clothe the ground;
And farther yet, filled by the sound of birds,
Are leafy forests and the deer in herds.

Next, roofs that nestle in the mountain sides,
  And sheep that crawl the grass by torrent streams;
Down to the happy vale the shepherd strides,
  Past shadowed banks the swift Aragva gleams,
Whilst in the gorge the robber tribesmen wait,
Where sweeps the Terek, fierce in furious spate.

Like a young beast of prey the river roars,
  Wild for its food, through iron bars and locks;
With useless anger he assaults the shores
  And with his hungry waters licks the rocks,
In vain; no comfort's here, no food for him;
The rocks arise, unhearing, hard, and grim.

Thus by our edict an impetuous nation
  Of wild free tribesmen lies oppressed and bound,
And silent Caucasus with indignation
  Seethes as the alien forces hem him round. . . .*

Translated by FRANCES CORNFORD

* *Pushkin cancelled this last, unfinished stanza, which could not be published at the time. It is found in his MS.*

Correspondence

THREE-CORNERED CONTESTS

SIR,—From my observations of three adjoining rural constituencies during the past four weeks, it would seem impossible to exaggerate the mischief caused by the triangular contests and the mischief is more than immediate. Here in East Hants the late Tory member, who, I fear, is almost certain to be the new Tory member, is a Major-Gen. Jeffreys, a real diehard. At the beginning of the contest, he was opposed by a Liberal, who secured the support of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, which can command the suffrages of the majority of the villagers. Almost at the last moment a Common Wealth candidate, Tom Sargant, an excellent person, appeared on the scene, as the result of a fairly common-sense deal with the Labour Party. He had been a candidate for North Portsmouth and withdrew to give the Labour candidate a fair field in return for the promise of Labour support in East Hants. The result was that the N.U.A.W. had to advise its members to vote for Sargant and not the Liberal, with consequent bewilderment and a vastly increased apathy, arising from the reasonable belief that with two opponents against him, the return of Jeffreys was certain.

Moreover, the term Common Wealth conveys exactly nothing to the village voter. He understands

what Labour means, he has some idea what Socialism means, but Common Wealth bewilders him. With all this, in the small village where I live, the majority seems to have voted, although the polling booth is three and a half miles away, and very few voted Tory, mainly because the Squire and the farmers are Tories. The farm-worker is still rarely politically minded but he has become definitely class-conscious.

I have spoken on several occasions for Tom Gittins in the Fareham division of Surrey and for Tom Wintringham in the Aldershot division of Hampshire, in both of which constituencies there was a straight fight. Both candidates were first rate. Both had a number of enthusiastic voluntary workers and the meetings at which I spoke were packed. A large proportion of the people were young, both in and out of uniform, and they were both intelligent and enthusiastic. I am far too old a hand to venture on prophecy, but in these two traditionally Tory constituencies there was, to put it at the lowest, clear evidence of a definite move to the Left. Altogether these weeks have strongly confirmed the conviction I expressed some months ago in your columns that with intelligent and persistent propaganda the countryside can be won for Socialism. Incidentally, I am fairly certain that the small shopkeepers in the town were fairly solidly Tory. SIDNEY DARK.

SERVICE VOTE

SIR,—The statements made in the letter from "J. A. K.," which appears in your issue of June 23rd, are misleading; and they may obscure a less widespread but more justified complaint.

In my experience, it is not true to say that "Service Declaration forms were issued to units with very little announcement." They were fully publicised in Army Council Instructions, printed "Notice-Board Information," A.B.C.A. pamphlets, the newspapers and B.B.C. announcements, over a very long period. Many men in this unit filled in their Declarations during precisely "the busy period before invasion." (We landed in France on D+4.) Others completed them during the fighting in Normandy. Later still (on instructions, I believe, from 21 Army Group) a further check was made of men who had not completed A.F.B.2626—I spent a whole morning on a gun position in Holland interviewing men personally on the matter. Any man who did not complete a Service Declaration by March 15 can blame only himself or the bad administration of his unit.

What is more serious is that men who *did* comply with instructions never had any acknowledgment that their forms had been received, and had every reason to believe that they would be able to vote, until, as your correspondent says, some of them received postcards from their Electoral Registration Officers, saying that their Declaration had never been received—and by then it was too late to secure a vote in the present Election.

I agree with "J. A. K." that the Army vote is going to be heavily Labour; and that the "trick" which has deprived many men of their votes has caused considerable bitterness. The blame lies mainly with those who forced an Election on an incomplete Register. But the question still remains, as to whether any Serviceman would have been able to check against the technical error mentioned by "J. A. K.," until he had occasion to apply for a postal ballot form. It would surely have been simple enough to make some arrangement whereby Service voters or their proxies could have checked the Register in sufficient time for mistakes to be remedied.

CAPTAIN, R.A.

CHURCHILL AND MORRISON

SIR,—During Churchill's tour of South London I happened to be in a crowd near Camberwell. The Prime Minister was behind his schedule, and the local Tories kept the crowd amused with speeches from a loud speaker van. Presently Herbert Morrison drove by, and a cheer went up from part of the crowd. The Tory in the loud speaker van evidently saw what was happening, for he called out on the mike: "Morrison! Don't forget what he was in the last war! A conscientious objector!"

I am told the Tories have been making much use of this "argument" in their East Lewisham campaign. Because of this I was interested to read in the *West London Press* of what the reporter calls "an incident not to be forgotten" at a Chelsea Labour meeting. When a questioner asked the chairman whether it was true that Morrison was a conscientious objector in the last war, "a tall and rather handsome young Lt.-Commander, plus decorations on uniform, jumped to his feet and said, 'The easiest thing in time of war is not to be a conchie. It takes courage to follow through to the end an unpopular cause'." The report adds that the statement was cheered.

M. C.

INDIAN PRISONS

SIR,—I dislike to disagree with "Critic"; but I cannot see how we can grade and measure cruelty. After a point, like the pain it inflicts, cruelty is all one long stretch of perversity, or "madness," as "Critic" calls it. There are broad divisions, but there can be no fine measurements of it.

To compare the enormities that are practised in Indian Prison Camps with those that have made Buchenwald and Belsen synonymous with the worst manifestations of human character, is, I think, altogether too academic. Indeed, if we are not too careful, by a slightly misplaced emphasis we might seem to condone, or understate, the horrors of the one or the other.

Torturing to the point of death is as common in, say, the Andamans as it was in Buchenwald. There is a courtyard in the Midnapore Central Prison where "politicals" are flogged while the other prisoners are made to stand in a circle round the whipping "triangle." The horror of the scene, the dripping blood, the doctor feeling the pulse and timing the lashes so that the agony of the victim is prolonged—these things haunt one's memory for years afterwards. I remember a young man of Dacca. He was taken to the Sutrapur (Dacca) Police Station one evening in 1929 and the next morning he came out with his right leg broken. Later he was sent to the Andamans for ten years for alleged association with the underground movement. In the backyard of another police station in Dacca, in full view of the neighbours, a young student, suspected of underground sympathies, was put in a sack and was ordered to walk. When he stumbled, he was beaten till he died with a broken skull. These cases have been reported in the Indian press, and will in no way seem like revelations to Indians. A typical case of indiscriminate shooting in Indian prisons is the Hijli Prison Camp massacre.

"Critic" suggests by implication that in India these sadistic criminals are not put beyond the law and are not given special scope. I shall only refer to Kamakhya Sen's career. He held a very modest official post in 1929, but soon made his mark as a master in the art of cruelty. Consequently, his promotion was extraordinarily rapid, till his barbarous jurisdiction ranged over a good portion of the Dacca Division. He was made a special magistrate and given constant guards. His house was protected by electrified barbed wires and searchlights. One day, however, he was found dead in his bed, despite guards and all. Nemesis overtook him early in his life. Anyhow, he had unlimited scope for his mad and savage instincts.

Sadists *are* unfortunately put above the law in India, as they were in Germany. Where the State is based on force, cruelty must necessarily be in State service and thus fostered by State patronage. We Indians hate Nazi concentration camps as much as our Andamans. If the people of Britain have now been roused by these savageries, let us put an end to cruelty everywhere, without stopping to measure it by the yardstick. After the third degree treatment,

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JONATHAN CAPE

the brain rarely functions and all higher degrees seem much the same—and much too academic.

D. M. SEN

FRANCE, BRITAIN AND SYRIA

SIR,—The salient characteristic of professional propagandists is that, in and out of season, they won't get off their hobby-horses. Presumably that is why Mr. Anwar Nashashibi can't write about Syria without, quite irrelevantly, introducing the question of Zionist Palestine.

I can understand Arab iconoclasts propagating anti-Zionism on the principle of "what I have I hold," for which they have some distinguished precedents; but when they deck out their iconoclasm in socialist phraseology, and parade their feudal economy in your columns, then there is a danger of their turning THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION into a humorous journal. The main causes for the antagonism of Arab landowners to a Jewish Palestine are not that it is Jewish, but that it has raised the political understanding of the Arab workers (through co-operatives, collective settlements and trades unionism) and their wage-rates to levels much higher than those in other Arab countries.

As for the claim that Zionism is anti-British, one has but to compare the contribution of Jewish and Arab Palestine to the war effort of the United Nations. Palestinian Jews fought in Britain's khaki while the Mufti, the leader of the Palestine Arab community, was broadcasting for Hitler.

The irrelevant last paragraph of Mr. Nashashibi's letter is a hotted-up rehash of the speeches of the Arab delegate to the recent World Trades Union Conference, which rejected the Arab viewpoint, and endorsed Zionist aspirations, by an overwhelming majority (which included the representatives of Great Britain, the Dominions, U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.). My advice to the newly opened Arab Office in London is to look to the British Right, and not to the Left, for its support.

IAN MIKARDO

295 Norcot Road, Reading, Berks.

SIR,—In view of Mr. Nashashibi's letter the following will show that my criticisms may have erred if at all by understatement.

(a) It was precisely because the Sykes-Picot Agreement of May 16th, 1916, assigned Syria to the French sphere, that the French were so bitter when the British military authorities together with the Sheriffian Arabs pursued a policy calculated to make its implementation difficult, if not impossible.

(b) The French position somewhat improved by the arrangement of September 15th, 1919, when they were allowed to occupy West Syria following their complaints against the British military administration, justification for which was admitted by *The Times* leader of September 11th—"mistakes may have been made in Syria of a kind to excite suspicion and irritation in France." Since, however, Eastern Syria still remained in the military occupation of the Arabs, they had quite a good chance of excluding the country from the French Mandate, when its international future should finally be determined by the Supreme Council.

(c) Precisely with the object of prejudicing by a *fait accompli* the issue (while still *sub-judice*) in their own favour, the Arabs staged in March, 1920, the Pan-Syrian Congress, with the object of achieving the complete independence of Syria under the sovereignty of Feisal without any form of foreign interference. Passive acquiescence by the British authorities is indicated, since prior to his assumption of the Crown, Feisal cabled Lord Allenby for advice and merely received "an evasive answer" (cf. Mrs. Erskine *Feisal, King of Iraq*, p. 103).

(d) The Supreme Council refrained from acknowledging the coup, and summoned Feisal to France to explain his conduct. Feisal refused to attend and suffered a diplomatic defeat, when the San Remo Agreement at the end of April, 1920, assigned the Mandate for Syria to France. (Your correspondent's suggestion that the San Remo Agreement of April constitutes in itself a refutation of my criticisms of British military policy in the pre San Remo period, is a naive *non sequitur*.)

(e) Feisal then doubled the stakes, introduced conscription, prepared to resist the French by armed force, appealed to the Supreme Council and hoped (in fact vainly) for British intervention in his favour. In July the French occupied Damascus and expelled him.

(f) The suggestion that "the Arabs had allied themselves with the British and revolted against and fought the Turks" is misleading without drastic qualification. The broad picture was that a relatively moderate number of Arab tribesmen (with their heroism sustained by a chronic and exorbitant intake of British gold), waged an intermittent guerilla warfare against the Turks, marched from the Hejaz to Damascus and no doubt rendered services of value to the Allies. Any idea, however, of a revolt *en masse* by the Arab population is a myth. More Arabs fought against the Allies than for them, and many Effendis preferred the Turkish regime with its better opportunities for capitalistic exploitation of the peasantry.

May I finally express surprise that so authoritative a spokesman as your correspondent should have refrained from dealing specifically either with the criticisms of British Officer in Syria, or with two major issues raised by myself, viz., that the Arab League might concern itself with French North Africa, and that the ejection of the French from Syria was merely the prelude to the ejection of the British.

BRITISH OFFICER IN PALESTINE (1918-1920)

LUTHER AND NIEMÖLLER

SIR,—I do not desire to add anything to your discussion of Niemöller, who is quite unimportant in a historic sense. But so far as Martin Luther is concerned, it is an established fact that in his life-work there occurred a distinct split. While he started as an ethical idealist, he finished up as a political tool of the German Princes, who did not care at all for the spiritual aspect of Christian Reformation, but just used Luther as a shield behind which they carried on their private business of engrossing their power and fortunes against the Emperors' Catholic universalistic administration. How far and how much Luther had at last to betray his own views may be seen if we consider his attitude in the German Peasant War in 1525. He turned with brutal harshness against the fighting peasants who had taken up the cause of puritan Evangelisation and, quite unjustly, denounced them as "gangs of brigands and murderers," invoking against them the police and military might of his protectors, the princes in Central and Northern Germany. It was then that he formed his thesis that "God's compassion will be bestowed only on those who do not ask for their right but find consolation in His mercy"—an utterance which, clad in theological phraseology, means that not equitable and established law but arbitrary authority is to be regarded as the basis of social order. Very few historians would not agree that Luther *was* in fact a precursor of Hitlerism.

705 Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1. FREDERICK JELLINEK

AN APOLOGY

SIR,—In my new book, *Science and the Planned State*, I quoted a sentence of Mr. David Low's which was printed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on July 31st, 1943. Mr. Low's words were as follows:—

> Understand, we are not here to pass honest judgments but to purvey matter the other side doesn't like.

Mr. Low assures me that he used these words ironically, and that his opinion is the opposite of what the words convey. I apologise to him for not realising the irony, for I have unintentionally made him appear to hold an opinion which is the opposite of that which he actually holds.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

RETURNING to England when I was young, after several years spent mainly on the Continent, I remember how certain English phrases, so common that I had never noticed them before, became suddenly vivid and significant when I heard them again, and seemed to separate us from the Continental nations. Above all, the incessant use of the word "right" in every context, from the melancholy to the indignant, from the aggrieved to the benign, was astonishing. "That's right," "You may be right . . .", "It isn't right that he . . .," "It's only right that they . . .," "You have a right if . . .," in the heart of every English person there seemed to be some impromptu moral jury through which every human thought and feeling had to pass before it could become public; that is to say, before it could qualify for that state of beatitude which is defined by our next most popular epithet, the word "nice." Never was there such an implication of the social contract. After the extremity of Latin conversation, one was soothed by a temper so mild; now, at last, one had a working public code to live by; now, at last, a thousand small conventions imprisoned but also protected one; and safely armoured by them, one could keep oneself to oneself. Elsewhere one had been obliged to live naked. One longed to assert one's cause, to shout with this crowd or that, and yet preserve some impenetrable private retreat; and in England this was thought the most natural, easy and desirable thing in the world. One was a social animal once more.

What all our use of the word "right" means is that we are practical and not abstract moralists. We return from the poll, all ideological or Party passion spent, not to think about the truth, but to worry about the right way. The title of a new book on England by a French writer, Pierre Maillaud, *The English Way*, hits us off very well. It is a title so flattering in its implications that we might well be warned to avert our minds from them; but the flattery is coupled with a warning which underlies a good deal of M. Maillaud's book, and the warning can be summarised in the following terms. There *is* an English way in life and politics which differs radically from the life and politics proposed by Continental ideologies and which is based on society and not on the State; but, for all its native and eccentric quality, this way is profoundly coloured by the common culture of Western Europe. (Madame de Staël blamed the lack of society in Germany, the element of personal isolation, for the political weakness of the Germans.) And the small countries, especially, which share this culture and have our sense of the *douceur de vivre*, which are not subject, because of their small populations, to the herd tendencies and mass hysterias of large countries, look to England to lead them, help them and foster them in the establishment of an alternative to mass dictatorship and the ideal of the well-fed slave. There is a difficulty. The English way, so imperilled because of its own bewilderment, and yet so justified by its production of exceptional individuals in June, 1940, does not depend on the value of variety and individuality alone; it depends on an adroit and sound handling of the dilemma raised by the rival claims of Europe and the Commonwealth. In his warm and acute introduction to M. Maillaud's book, Mr. Raymond Mortimer firmly draws attention to our unwillingness to face this uncomfortable situation and our desire to avert our eyes from the time-lag in action and understanding which arises from consulting the Commonwealth. M. Maillaud is not carping. He sees the picture whole:

> If the traditional English outlook was out of focus in regard to modern Europe, the plague that spread from the heart of Europe challenged more strangely yet the Commonwealth's conception of life. England, the Western anchor of the old Continent, had been tempted after the last war to forget that she was a European country and that she had derived from her European character the very sense and forward trend of her imperial pursuits. At Ottawa in 1932 she partly yielded to that temptation and might have yielded further had not Continental perils taken precedence over imperial hopes. Still, her national consciousness was neither purely insular nor purely European; nor was her foreign policy that of a free-lance among the nations of Europe. Both her policy, and as an *ultima ratio* her conceptions of warfare, must take into account transoceanic routes and extra-European interests. Her freedom of action was greater in Europe, but less in the world as a whole, than that of other states. Her strategic contribution to European warfare was less because it had to be related to military responsibilities all over the world. This was both a burden and a safeguard: a burden because of the dispersal of English forces; a safeguard because others besides England were resolved that she should not perish and her enemies had to strike at many vital points in order to kill. As Proudhon foresaw eighty years ago, whatever the concentration of forces by a European power might be in the future, the interlocking of world interests from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean, would make it imperative for that power to strike not only at Paris, London, or Moscow. It must paralyse the Bosphorus, Suez, Singapore, Panama, Gibraltar, before it could achieve victory. It is the consciousness of that fact which forms part of the English outlook, clearly and consistently in the minds of statesmen, more confusedly in the thoughts of the nation at large. It is that imperial hand which from 1932 onwards added to the perplexities of Britain, faced as she was with dangers which the Commonwealth could not rightly gauge, though from 1939 onwards her imperial assets helped her both to fight the enemy and to remain the equal of her giant allies.

That is fair. But turn to his long analysis of our politics in the Thirties, and especially to his account of the movements of pacifism from Left to Right, and the reader will find the most masterly, objective and comprehensive account of that quarrelsome period, which has yet been written, in French or English. It is the active mind's answer to dull propaganda and sterile recrimination; and in writing it M. Maillaud has done English politics an extraordinary service. I recommend that Party politicians cool their heads and instruct their convalescence on it.

M. Maillaud has been in this country since 1932. He came, he says, stammering our language and with the usual baggage of traveller's preconceptions. Now he does us the honour of writing in our own tongue, and he knows us better than we know ourselves. Or, at least, we have the pleasure and education of seeing a different emphasis. As one of the famous "trois amis" of the B.B.C. French service, he broadcast from London to the occupied countries every week with humour, spirit and good sense in the bleakest days of the war; and his vigorous faith in this country was, as Mr. Mortimer says, an extraordinary tribute to English character and institutions. Where André Maurois used to be ironical and flattered us with too much facility, M. Maillaud speaks from a deeper conviction. He said he had faith in us because he knew us not merely in the clubs and Common Rooms, but everywhere; travelling by horseback in the lanes of Southern England, seeing us in cities, suburbs, factories and farms. He knew us well enough to record this wonderful piece of Cumberland dialect which perfectly expressed, before the bombing, the spirit of English isolationism:

> "We're tougher 'n 'em," he would say; "we're tougher 'n all of ye put tagether. It's ur climate. Makes us stick anythin'. Feinest climate ye can have to breed guhd men. No, sir, my lad, ther's no fear of war. And we mawn' go to war for anybody; nor for yer leik, leastways. Once was enough and more'n enough. If the Hoons want us le'em coum raight here. Y'll watch. Us're slow in gitting' garn' but we'll give 'em an owgly roghin' . . . Reight here in these hills of urs we'd trounce 'em guhd and hard. . . No, sir, my laddy, us woon't git on the move for ye agin, nor for anythin'. No war for us. . . . But, nuh, see ye, I'll get the old goon when I see 'em Hoons coum op fram Appleby way, but nat before, not a minute before. Tchek! But they woon't! They kna better! They kna we're tougher. . . . It's ur fein climate that is . . ."

He knew us well enough to see it is not the Englishman's house but the Englishman's mind which is his castle; that there is a far greater barrier between individual and family in England than there is between family and society; that Englishmen or women are far more developed as social animals than French people of the corresponding age, but that intellectually and emotionally they are far less mature. I am glad to see he noticed we are now rarely prudes; and he understands the basis of our dislike of scandal, without calling us hypocrites. A good deal of this ground has been covered before by writers on England, but never, I think, with M. Maillaud's serious affection. Our foibles have amused, they have often angered; they have rarely been tolerantly estimated. And there are places where he breaks new ground. I do not, for example, remember reading anything so perceptive as M. Maillaud's discussion of the general criticism that our emotional life is "under-lived." It is, but here again he noticed a phrase: "I don't want to get involved," a phrase used in all kinds of circumstance, and denoting, not so much a fear of intimacy but a defence of the own "inner self." He gives a charming portrait of three old golf players whom he used to watch:

> In a quiet golf club in Surrey there were three old gentlemen, all well above seventy, who for the last twenty years had been going round the course twice a week as regularly as clockwork. They played very carefully and with great deliberation. They extended to each other every courtesy, far beyond the requirements of the most exacting codes of conduct. They talked little. When they did, as one was stone deaf and the others nearly so, you could hear them from a considerable distance. They had time-honoured little jokes, each appropriate to the successive hazards of the course, which made them chuckle in unison; if one of them failed to respond, the others would look at him with true concern. It meant that the sciatica had been particularly trying that morning or that the liver had reacted overnight to the daily glass of port. When one of them faltered in a bunker or sliced a tee shot—a rare occurrence, to do them justice—there was on the face of his companions an unmistakable expression of deep sympathy. It was before those minute accidents of fate and within the scope of their common pastime that these men expressed twenty-odd years of friendship. Possibly they knew little of one another's private lives. Confronted with a family death they probably would have felt embarrassed and would have stammered unintelligible words of commiseration. Yet in the only language which came easily to them, that of the game which had brought them together, they had evolved the means of establishing a last human contact and of expressing a deep mutual care.

Yet, in misfortune or perplexity, each would have preferred the company of his dog. An animal would not inquire into human motives; the private self would be preserved.

But what goes on behind the closed shutters of the inner self? Optimist day-dreaming, M. Maillaud says, is far commoner in the English than the Latin mind, which, if anything, prefers the solemn or exhaustive view of life. We are a nation of Micawbers, day-dreaming of the happy ending because we permit no obstacles to stand in the way of our contentment; not because we wish to be deluded. Indeed, I would say that the hard sense of some of our most fanciful eccentrics, sentimentalists and romantics, is one of the amusing and disconcerting features of their character. Even if you hate an Englishman, it would be fatal to imagine he is all of a piece. We develop an agility in preserving our elusiveness which comes very near to intellectual frivolity, M. Maillaud thinks, "just as there is some frivolity in the fear of emotional entanglements, and, again, on the political plane, in the fear of foreign commitments." It will be remembered that the American Adams in his *Autobiography* thought our cult of madness and eccentricity was frivolous to the point of heartlessness and cynicism. He disliked us most when we were fools. The elaboration of our defences of the inner self un-

The English Way. By PIERRE MAILLAUD. *Oxford University Press*, 10s. 6d.

doubtedly lays us open to the charge; and yet "in that singular moral isolation is perhaps the source of shining achievements in lyrical poetry."

These general reflections on our character are the work of a brilliant and serious observation and an instructed mind; behind them there is a continuous plea for the liberal society against the growing claims of the State; and, unlike English writers, the Frenchman naturally regards this as a question of principle and not of expediency. For him there is a fundamental incompatibility between the ideas of liberty and equality; whereas I would say that, in so far as we faced the question at all, we would think of what kind of bridge it was "right" to build between the two. Less clear-headed than he, we are, I suspect, just as realistic. He, too, relies on our liberal instincts. But he warns us of the leader who appeals over the head of Parliament to the people; and of the reverse process. Activities like the petitions for the Second Front and the demands circularised during the Spanish war, he considers a new and dangerous tendency if they were taken to forcible lengths. In fact, these demands had little or no influence whether they were right or wrong: they were intended to persuade public opinion and Parliament because, as M. Maillaud says on another page, there is a general uneasiness since the once disinterested *élite* which traditionally ran the country had become deeply involved in commercial interests. The "petitions" of the F.B.I. in the Chamberlain days were, in fact, an appeal to the Government over the heads of Parliament. M. Maillaud is a Liberal who thinks, as many have done, that our political heart was soundest when it was advised by an aristocracy based on the land; and now that aristocracy is based on industry and finance, he finds it too committed to be wise. What new "way" will the English mind discover? V. S. PRITCHETT

AFRICA'S DILEMMA

The Case for African Freedom. By JOYCE CARY. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

Even if it were a question of social engineering only—building roads and schools, fighting mosquitoes and tsetse, organising water supplies—Africa would present a strenuous problem for our generation. But every difficulty is magnified by politics, and the root of African politics is race. The African has, justifiably, a racial grievance. He calls for "freedom" as the panacea which will remove his grievance and enable him to stand erect and equal among his fellow human beings. He connects, as soon as he becomes politically conscious, the poverty of his people with the existence of an alien administration. Withdraw this foreign domination, bestow on him "freedom" and all will be well. To the Africans who feel and argue thus, there is only one kind of freedom—political and national liberty, which could be granted by a single act, if only the will were there.

Joyce Cary sets out in this book to combat this conception of freedom. His fundamental argument, he says, is that "political devolution, except in States already economically developed, normally means a sacrifice of freedom by the masses for the benefit of the few. The worst exploitation of Native labour all over the world, in Africa, India, China, has been by Native employers; the worst oppressors of the African people have been their own Native rulers." This does not mean—Mr. Cary stresses—that the African should not take an increasing share in his own government, but that political devolution *by itself* would lead to disaster for the African masses. It must be accompanied by a general attack on poverty, ill health and ignorance. All these problems—political, economic and social—must be tackled simultaneously.

The fact that there is at present a direct conflict between two colonial policies, both progressive and idealistic, springs, in Mr. Cary's analysis, from this confusion in the conception of freedom. The conflict, he says, is between "those who desire first of all a general development in Africa; and those who demand first immediate self-government. The first derive their creed from an ideal sympathy with the African masses, suffering under bad conditions of health and pay; the second from the ideal of nationalism, which has often handed over those very defenceless poor to local exploiters of the most barbarous types." Mr. Cary classes himself in the first category, though sympathising deeply with the second. But, "a man cannot ride two horses at once. He must ride one and lead the other . . the horse I ride is the advantage of the masses, the forgotten millions; self-government is the led horse."

This is a point of view which will command respect, though not necessarily agreement. The mere act of granting political "freedom" will not eradicate the pests and the poverty of Africa. We all (not least the Africans themselves) know this intellectually; but the Africans (and we, too, had we been in their place) cannot view the problem intellectually only—it has for them an emotional content. Their sense of racial grievance might "easily prove too strong for any rational or moral argument based merely on social justice." The great problem now is how to eliminate the sense of grievance and yet secure social justice. Mr. Cary throws out a hint of a solution—"to make a man free you have to create a whole social order of a special kind: democratic." This is the core of the matter. A whole new social order is needed in Africa. It will not be obtained by "giving" Africa "freedom"—as if freedom were a commodity to be handed over the counter. Yet, unless there can be a rapid and tangible advance towards political freedom, the energies of Africans will be devoured by their own grievances, instead of being devoted to the creation of the sorely needed democratic social order from within.

The dilemma is becoming clearer and clearer, and this book does a service by stating it with such clarity and by considering with sympathy and insight many other African problems. Mr. Cary is a writer with a sensitive understanding of the human mind, but he is neither an economist nor a politician. Excellent as is his analysis of the essence of Africa's problems, on the constructive side he is disconcertingly vague and rambling. He throws out a few general ideas for the reform of colonial administration, for the employment of special development officers, for the expansion of local industries and so on. Nowhere does he attempt to get down to hard facts and figures, or to put his recommendations in a form which political planners might use.

For my part, I learnt more about Africa from Mr. Cary's novels with an African background, one of which, *Mister Johnson*—a psychological study of a young West Coast clerk—impressed me as a rare, outstanding book. Nevertheless, *The Case for African Freedom* is a sincere and thoughtful study, provoking questions rather than answering them. RITA HINDEN

FANCY AND REALITIES

Re-educating Germany. By WERNER RICHTER. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

The author of "Re-educating Germany" is a teacher at an Illinois College. In earlier years (straight from a philology professorship at Greifswald University) he was called to a responsible post under Heinrich Becker, certainly the most sincerely progressive (if inevitably frustrated) Minister of Education Prussia has ever had.

In these circumstances, it might be pardonable that the author should over-rate the educational reforms accomplished by the Republic, and find alibis for the far more important reforms not accomplished or not even tackled. However, he does put his finger on one of the sore spots, by stating:

> Less than 5 per cent. of all university students came from the working class, upon which the Republic was largely dependent for support. It would have been a miracle had the universi students been automatically won over to the suppo of the new state.

That no real effort was made to work such "miracle"—perhaps by shifting the percentag figure quoted—was, of course, one of the reason for our subsequent calamities; and while th author does not say this in so many words he does admit another root cause: th Republic's failure either to remove or to wi over the reactionary (soon to be nazified) teacher in the Elementary as well as the Secondar Schools.

And yet, while stressing the advantage, i normal times, of a continuing educational tra dition, and admitting that "such a continuit has been completely broken" in the Thir Reich, he does not say that, if only the continuit *had* been broken in the Republic, there woul have been no Third Reich; nor does he attemp to envisage the practical problems of overcomin the new breach of continuity, or rather of makin it a real breach first of all.

He discourses on the crowded syllabuses o the German Secondary Schools (of his time) overlooking that the Nazis completely change them anyway, and that for a couple of years now all schooling has been restricted to a maximum of eighteen hours a week, administered in shift (owing to the ever worsening lack of space and equipment), and to the ever increasing exclusion of those over 14 years old, called up under last year's "total mobilisation" decree.

If so well-meaning and scholarly a book, written in the detached atmosphere of an American College library, can so completely ignore the realities of the present situation and the practica problems of the next few years, it is hardly astonishing that a similar lack of realism (though in a very much smaller degree) should be evident in a recent decree of the Army signed by Eisenhower and regularly broadcast to the German people. In this decree on education, after a good many perfectly proper points on the elimination of Nazi personnel and ideology, it is laid down that after the completion of such a purge "the existing system is to be maintained, as far as possible." But the trouble is that, if that purge is as thorough as it must be, very little will remain to be maintained. It is all very well to dissolve the Hitler Youth Movement, but at least since 1936 all ordinary schools and the entire educational system has been completely nazified.

There is no space to give more than an enumeration of the major problems ignored in the book, such as the mere sorting out of the children herded into "*Landverschickungslager*" and "*N.S.V. Heime*," this being the régime's evacuation scheme by means of which, ever since the bombing became serious, they have completed their methodical disruption of family life.

While none of these practical problems (nor a good many others) are even hinted at in Dr. Richter's book, he does mention that "the German elementary school will require a completely altered historical orientation, a new anthropological point of view, and a social and ethical redirection." All of which is quite true, though one would like to see it a little elaborated. On the problem of textbooks the author has nothing to say, except this:

> Germans in particular do not have the confidence in the text-book which Americans have and give much more weight to the creative work of the teacher.

This may or may not be so; but the fact remains that the shortage of reliable teachers (for a few years at any rate) will be just as appalling as the shortage of textbooks, and very much graver, because there must be no compromise so far as "ideological" reliability of personnel is concerned. Here, incidentally, Dr. Richter makes the noteworthy suggestion of emulating the American example and largely employing female teachers, particularly in the lower forms and in Elementary Schools.

As to textbooks, he does not suggest using

the Weimar ones, though, to a certain extent, this will be done (and is already being done). However, some of the Weimar textbooks want a bit of "purging" too, and even the best of them would be inadequate for the teaching of History, Geography, German, and Biology, all of which, after twelve years of Nazi schooling, require special antidotes.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

HOLBEIN DRAWINGS

Holbein's Drawings at Windsor Castle. Edited by K. T. PARKER. *Phaidon Press.* 25s.

One of the few criticisms of past volumes of the Phaidon Press is that the quality of their coloured reproductions has never been entirely satisfactory. In the present publication of Holbein's drawings at Windsor, with the exception of an inoffensively coloured miniature painting of "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" that serves as frontispiece, no attempt has been made to reproduce the touches of colour that Holbein used as a guide to his finished paintings. We have all become too familiar with the plausible but misleading tinted versions of this famous series, attached by drawing-pins to the beams of dainty teashops. Here is an opportunity to peel off the successive layers of our familiarity, and try to penetrate into the mind of the artist at work. The drawings have all been newly photographed for the purpose of this catalogue. There are critical and stylistic comments as well as detailed notes on the colour used in each drawing; there are reproductions of some of the paintings for which the drawings are studies, and biographical data about the sitter for each portrait. In fact Mr. K. T. Parker, already well known as an authority on French drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has given us all the information at present available on the Windsor Holbeins. That the last word remains to be spoken, Mr. Parker is the first to admit. Wartime conditions have prevented his study of the backs of the drawings, of the problem posed by watermarks and examination under infra-red and ultra-violet rays. But with the evidence at his disposal he has produced a model of scholarly, tentative reasoning.

Though we have come to regard the drawings as works of art in themselves as well as priceless historical documents, we must always bear in mind that they form merely the working material for Holbein's painted portraits. The fact that they are highly complex, static, precise statements of the human face must not obscure the purpose for which they were intended. It seems that Holbein himself attached no independent importance to them, since almost certainly they were discovered along with his other papers and documents in his Whitehall studio after his death. In common with many artists of all ages, he has indicated on some of the drawings the colour to be used in the painted version by scribbling colour notes, and here and there are to be found separate studies of hands or ornaments, noted down quickly before the vision escaped him. Just as we observe the mind of the writer at work by studying his manuscript, so these precious scribbles are the echo of the painter's thoughts. As one might expect, Holbein concentrates his attention in these preliminary works on the significant features of a face, especially the mouth, nose and eyes, sometimes only indicating the cut of a dress over the shoulder by perfunctory outlines, sometimes omitting entirely the modelling of cheek-bones, forehead and chin. Mr. Parker discusses the fascinating suggestion that Holbein may have employed the tracing apparatus advocated by Dürer as an aid to the faltering artist. The recording of the sitter through a peephole would account for the flattening out of the contours which has often been observed as a characteristic of his style. One does not need to be a profound student of German painting to derive enjoyment and intellectual stimulus from this book.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

GOVERNMENT AND THE LAW

Law and Orders. By C. K. ALLEN. *Stevens.* 15s.

In this work, Dr. Allen makes a sharp and sustained attack on the executive arm of Government. He charges the Departments with becoming grossly inflated in size; with possessing exorbitant and arbitrary powers which they are unable to exercise with efficiency or good sense. He protests strongly against the acquisition by Ministers and administrative bodies of judicial powers on the one hand, and delegated legislative powers on the other.

Law and Orders is an able and scholarly book, and Dr. Allen takes great pains to be as fair as he can. It contains little which is new, except the many recent examples, drawn mainly from wartime experience, with which the author illustrates and enlivens his theme. But the book suffers from more serious defects than lack of originality. In the first place, it is a purely horizontal study of executive action based, not on the ends which are sought to be attained but on the means which are employed. Of what real significance is it to extract a particular order made by, say, the Ministry of Supply and to hold it up to ridicule because its meaning is not immediately clear to laymen? Most of the wartime controls are dealing with highly specialised trades or industries whose normal practices are no less technical and obscure to the layman. The National Service Officers of the Ministry of Labour, for whom Dr. Allen has a particular dislike, happen to have made an exceptionally good job of an unusually difficult task; but he does not attempt to see their activities in perspective against the broad background of mobilising the man-power of the nation for war purposes. A vertical study on these lines would provide a much more valuable basis for criticism than the superficial method adopted in this study.

A second defect in the book is the author's apparent lack of an adequate social or political philosophy by which to interpret the trends of which he complains. Dr. Allen devotes two pages out of 300 to discussing the limits of State control. He scarcely goes beyond pointing out that the frontiers must be drawn according to the conviction with which we approach the problem. His own conviction is that "the greater good consists in the maximum of individual liberty which is compatible with the common weal. The opposite conviction, or prepossession, is that the greater good is the common weal, of which the State is the supreme arbiter and dispenser, and that therefore individual liberty though a good . . . must be secondary to the general welfare as planned and managed by the State." These vague generalities tell us nothing. But Dr. Allen is persuaded that they throw sufficient light on the activities of the State to enable him to condemn public administration as on the whole evil, to denounce Parliament for failing to keep the executive under control, and to regard the Courts as the only true upholders of liberty, justice, and the good life.

There is no suggestion in these pages that the public receives anything from the work of the Government Departments except vexatious forms and foolish orders; whereas the Courts are invariably assumed to be pursuing and achieving the ends of justice, pure and undefiled, except where (as in the case of remedies against the Crown) the hands of the judges are tied by ancient and mischievous doctrines which might well be

JAMAICA

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Basil Blackwell

abolished. There is not a word, for example, about the fantastic jungle of rules, made by the Judges, which governs the procedure in the High Court. Yet what would Dr. Allen say if this were the work of a Department?

Law and Orders, it will be seen, is a somewhat naive work. Yet it is far superior to Lord Hewart's *New Despotism*, which was based on the same theme. Despite its limitations, it will serve a useful purpose in reminding us that liberty is a precious thing which can be whittled away by small infractions no less than by sweeping tyrannies.

REGIONALITER

PECULIAR PEOPLE

Watering Place. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

Mr. Liddell had the good fortune to visit Tunbridge Wells, which, for reasons of his own, like the "noble youth" in *Love and Freindship*, he conceals under the name of Handborough, after an early childhood spent in Egypt. Its domesticated heath, its turreted villas, above all its inhabitants, seemed to him more exotic and remarkable than anything the East could offer. His affection and interest have remained, and this book, though written to please, is not without a pinch of piety.

The waters of Handborough are no longer drunk or respected; the balls and gaieties have flickered out; in fact, it has become, as the author says, a dormitory for London. But it still possesses a society peculiar to itself, which ignores the newcomers completely. Its villas are inhabited by a genteel jetsam of elderly women, mostly unmarried or widowed, and every other house is sanctified by the presence of an invalid. In this sheltered fishpond the timid and inefficient can survive, who would be swept away by the current of a large town, or die of starvation in the shallows of country life. But they must conform, since any deviation from normal behaviour arouses immediate and intense suspicion. When the writer's aunts hear of "an elderly single woman having all her housework done by a retired schoolmaster, some twenty years younger than herself," their minds jump to murder and their world is crowded with embezzlers, dog poisoners and secret drunkards.

In fact, the cynicism—or credulity—of the conventional in Handborough is as extraordinary as the oddness of the eccentrics. There certainly were some queer people: Mrs. Jenkinson, who mined her drive at night lest a nuisance should be committed in it, and the remarkable lady who fished from a lodging-house window, which did not prevent her giving tea parties or from taking a keen interest in other people's peculiar behaviour, such as that of Mr. Drumble. He walked the heath with an alpenstock, spiking shopping lists and stray letters, which he afterwards had bound in morocco and bequeathed to the Bodleian.

The temptation, of course, in this kind of writing, is to throw every verisimilitude to the wind for the sake of anecdotal comedy, and it is one which Mr. Liddell sometimes fails to resist. Occasionally, too, his material is too slight to bear the emphasis of the written word; it rubs into holes as you read. But his tenderness for Handborough never degenerates into patronage, and the result is an agreeable and gentle series of sketches, which will amuse most people, though many may fail to notice that he is acute as well as entertaining.

CRESSIDA RIDLEY

CORRECTION

We regret that the price of "The Educational Reconstruction of Education," by C. Black, was given as 3*s.* 6*d.* It should be 8*s.* 6*d.*

Week-end Competitions

No. 807

Set by G. W. Stonier

Competitors are invited to contribute three items to a new Bestiary (including birds and insects) of famous writers. Oscar Wilde, for example, would make a good Liar-Bird, and Henry James might be a crustacean quivering with ungainly claw in pellucid waters. Habits, habitat, etc., may be given in prose or verse. Not more than 200 words. Entries by July 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 804

Set by W.R.

The usual prizes are offered for twenty lines of Verse in which a speculative builder describes the houses which he hopes to sprinkle over the countryside in the sacred name of Private Enterprise.

Report by W.R.

There is no more conspicuous argument for planning than the contrast between an L.C.C. housing estate and the monstrosities spawned by the speculative builder. The Beaverbrook-Bracken plea for private enterprise in housing has alarmed many persons, who in other respects are Conservative, and an exceptionally large crop of venomous entries from competitors (who certainly are not all "Left") represent I believe, educated opinion irrespective of part (Only one competitor imagined that Private Enterprise would produce good houses.) I have neve found it so difficult to pick the winners. There a more than thirty that deserve a prize, and I regre that I can print and reward only eight, to each whom goes 16*s.*

In a fair ground, a fair ground, yea, Sussex, by the se
Some fine old-fashioned dwellings are being planne
by me,
With quaint, romantic oil-lamps and water from
pump,
And though the dustman doesn't call, there's a hand
rubbish dump.

Maxwelton braes are bonny, where early fa's the dew
A splendid site for houses worth buying for the view
So there I'll build my bungalows, red brick an
roofed with slate,
With cesspools in the garden and kitchens three by
eight.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
Grand indeed the prospect of speculative sales
Of cheap and tiny flatlets in huge and ugly blocks
With a far-off view of mountains, a near one of the
docks.

On Linden Lea the sun is low, and low the price of land,
The white road runs athwart the hill and soon o
either hand
Shall rise the rows of cottages, aggressively rococo,
With ye olde shoppes for fish and chips and adver-
tisements for cocoa.

I will build you houses on land that I shall buy,
On lakeside and clifftop, and none shall ask me why,
For this shall be for profit such as none has made before
From the fair face of England and the homeless poor.

STANLEY FRENCH

This is one
Of the houses built for a returning soldier son
He'll be glad to have done with Jerry
Very
And won't want to roam
From this compact modern home.
What do you think
Of the combined W.C. and sink?
Here we have a window
(So good of Messrs. Lyndoe)
And furthermore
A door.
I beg pardon
For the absence of a garden

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

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* For 'Virginia' Smokers

I will ask the Mission to help us . . .

When adversity comes to the folks in our crowded streets, it is to the Mission they turn. It is a joy to be able to succour these brave souls—to give spiritual comfort in the name of the Master—to provide material assistance for the aged, sick and lonely. Poor children need an outing and some will go to Westcliff for a holiday.

You *can help us to carry sunshine into many homes. A gift of money, clothing—shoes—will help. Please do all you can!*

The Rev. A. Humphrey Richardson,

South-East London Mission

St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, S.E.1

61-112

Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

THE annual general meeting of the "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, July 10, 1945, at Shell-Mex House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.. The Rt. Hon. Viscount Bearsted, M.C. (the chairman), presiding, said in part:

Last year I mentioned the apprehension in the United States about the position of its crude oil reserves.

I do not feel unduly pessimistic about the position in the United States, and there is obviously no need for apprehension there in view of the strong world position. Developments in crude oil production in the Persian Gulf, in Saudi Arabia and in the Middle East generally all point to enormously increased world oil reserves far beyond those of which we had knowledge at the beginning of the war, and ample for all foreseeable requirements.

In my statement I referred to the merchant aircraft carriers, a large number of which were furnished by the conversion of our larger tankers, which, in fact, were the only tankers converted for this purpose.

We may properly be proud of our fleet, as whether it was in the landings on the Sicilian and Italian coasts, or on D-Day, or in the Pacific at places like Leyte—in fact, wherever oporations took place—you could be reasonably certain of finding Shell tankers performing their essential work.

I would like to amplify the informatio I gave you in my statement about tha most important branch of our busines research.

Jet-propulsion of our planes has been factor of momentous importance and i creasing in its potentialities as the wa went on. I can tell you that some year before the war we were seized with th possibilities of this method of propulsio and had commenced research, and that a the beginning of 1938 our experts were ap proached by Squadron-Leader F. Whittle fo assistance in the experimental work he wa then doing.

The development of fuels for these plane is a matter of routine research and ha been going on for some considerable time.

Our Inhibitor process has the effect of liquid metallic brush—commonly known a a "go-devil" in the U.S.A.—involving th use of an inorganic oil-soluble chemica agent to prevent internal corrosion an other harmful effects upon pipelines whic diminish the carrying capacity of the line and impose the periodic removal of accumu lated rust and other foreign matter. Th process has been developed by Shell and it use during the war has directly resulted i an increase of 15 per cent. in the through put of some of the major pipeline systems.

You will have seen in the Press th thrilling story of the great achievements o that department of the Government whic is known as the Petroleum Division of th Ministry of Fuel and Power, in which, as I am sure you will realise, the part playe by your company has been an outstandin one. I have particularly in mind such thing as Fido, but there are many others. Th report was adopted.

some land you'll agree we must reserve
a preserve.
ief credit for this architectural gem
es to them
o schemed—and planned it
lped by a private enterprising mandate.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

enterprise (once free) will forge ahead
paint the Downs' monotony with red,
ze in the sylvan glades a trail of white,
d make of every beauty spot a site.
bypass villas, ordinately tame—
e more for little differences, the same—
ll exercise my skill, but beauties rare
e wildings windblown anyhow or where.
dor there must be: hence my "Home o' Dreams"
th lattice panes and (fabricated) beams.
xt "Woodland Winsome" something quaint affords
roughset, bottleglass and deckled boards.
serve how "Modernistic's" curves and cubes
ploit white concrete, plastic bricks, and tubes.
ll chimneys, boards (again) whitewash, or pink,
ke "Sussex Farmhouse"—tasteful, don't you
think?
us I'll provide, at an appropriate price
ellings original, distinct and nice:
at's more, there goes gratis with every home
nock-stone birdbath or a plaster gnome.

R. J. P. HEWISON

THE BUILDER TO HIS ARCHITECT:

Well, Mr. Wren, I'll tell yer my idea:
is 'cre's the hera of the Common man,
ou've 'eard that b—— Priestley) so I say
e Common man should 'ave a common 'ouse,
e commoner the better. Let 'em 'ave
e quality of hopportunity—
one man 'asn't room to swing 'is cat
s only fair 'e shouldn't 'ave to 'ear
neighbour braggin' of 'ow 'e swung 'is.
r foller me? So plan 'em all alike.
ind yer, I'm not for placin' 'em in rows;
e got to be hartistic when we can,
d wot I thought was, dot 'em all about,
omiskus-like; it sort o' fills the eye.
bit o' crazy-pavement by the door
on't do no 'arm, nor yet some coloured glass,
r know, with red and yeller lozenges,
s pretty, and it's cheap. Lor, don't you go
d kill the goose wot lays the golden eggs
buildin' 'em too strong, eh, Mr. Wren?"

L. E. J.

On bargain sites I gazed with prescient view,
Bought, breathed and wished, and lo! the values grew:
Thus Enterprise allied to *Laissez-faire*
Can charm a thousand fortunes out of air.
Freedom's the word: no tape, of red or pink,
Shall cramp the psyche of the kitchen sink,
As H. and C. released from all control
In individualistic torrents roll;
In clashing hues the livid walls shall swim,
Doors shut and open at their own sweet whim,
While to the attic dizzy stairs invite
To brave the Alpine hazards of their flight.
Refained the names my tasteful models show—
Vecouse and Herozholme and Monshatto,
Blimpcot and Laskiville (with upper story
Duly equipped as an observatory).
Meanwhile the homeless pilgrims vainly queue,
Scan the blank vistas and await the view
Where Cotes with Havens, Nests with Villas vie,
And roofs and prices both affront the sky.

HORACE B. SAMUEL

Thatched roof
(Fire-Proof).
Leaded panes,
Sunken bath,
Crazy path,
Ditto drains,
Parquet floor,
Gothic door,
Chinese knocker.
The garage
(Not too large)
Is baroque
Walls of brick
—not too thick.
Lovely view—
In a part
Quite unscarred
Hitherto.
Highest class,
Stained glass
In the closet.
Don't delay,
Write to-day
(Small deposit).

H. J. RYAN

My Kosy Kots on beauty spots will make the planners frantic;
In millions more swell folks galore will find life *so* romantic.
I sing no ditty of the ideal city and country free from hubbub;
Just let us build till England's filled with one great glorious subbub.

Cheap-looking, true—but picture-skew—my Kots will stretch for miles
In tudoristic, modernistic, pseudo-cottage styles.
A few stained boards (concealing frauds) will give a timbered touch.
And with my craft there'll be no draught to worry buyers—much.

The inside wall wi'l tell enthralling tales about the neighbours.
And let their wireless, breezy, tireless, sweeten daily labours.
The dinky kitchen will be rich in scope for ingenuity,
(The skimpy roof soon furnish proof of Nature's fluid-fluity)

No central heating, steel, concreting, ultra-violet nonsense!
Flat roofs? Offensive (and expensive)—Don't insult my conscience.
No faddling science or new appliance must make expenses higher:
(A flashy gadget I can cadge will gull the would-be buyer).

Hall badly lit? The doors don't fit? The curtains cut a caper?
The head-room small? The bedroom wall is cracked behind the paper?
The cupboard-pantry not quite san't'ry? All a pack of lies.
Build houses faster! (Hang the plaster!) Flourish, Enterprise!

FRANK SPOONER

No Council-houses these, to wound your eyes.
But the fine flower of private enterprise.
Georgian, of course (but George the Sixth) in style,
Scattered, detached, each perfect, mile on mile.
Construction, not too solid, lest they grow
So soon old-fashioned, yet no bungalow;
For decoration—rough-cast, rather quaint,
Since children are so hard upon the paint.
Accommodation? For the married-pair
All that they need; the spare-room would be spare.
Gadgets galore, quite automatic, free,
Bath-room, with W. (as well as H. and) C.
An oven that can boil or roast your mutton,
The House-wife's comforter, just press a button.
Garage? Yes, each such house deserves a car,
The pram can wait, what if another war——?
Bricks are too dear, and so no garden-wall,
While privacy is anti-social.
For names—Mon Bijou, Chatsworth, Love's Abode,
No vulgar numbers in our brand-new road.

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ALTMAN'S GREEN, Gerrard's Cross. Head Mistress: Miss Chambers, M.A. —to develop character and intellect, respect ividuality and encourage initiative. Pre-ation for Universities, professions. 15 acres.
AKLEA (recog.) a Ness Strange, nr. Shrewsbury. Girls, 7–19. P.N.E.U. ford Exam. Cen. Prin.: Beatrice Gardner.
INEWOOD, Crowborough at The Fir Hill, Colan, St. Columb, Cornwall, for dren 3 to 13, where environ., diet, psychol. teaching methods maintain health and piness. E. Strachan. Newquay 2082.
HERWOOD School, Epsom (9125).—A co-educ. commun., aiming at indep., and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs.; rding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, ton, Kingston, Leatherhead).
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Readers' Market

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WANTED: Leon's "Marcel Proust" (Naval Officer); Robinson's "Principles of Reasoning"; Anglo-Saxon Texts and Studies; Autograph letters, preferably before 1875; Single pupils' desks with wells for books: good quality warm sleeping-bag.
Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading 11. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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Personal

FABIAN Summer School at Dartington, now completely full, with long waiting list. Please do not apply.
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JEWISH Playwriting Competition. Prizes: £100 for full-length play. £50 for one-act play. £50 for an experimental presentation (mime, masque, propaganda piece, etc.). Competition open to all writers, any race/creed. Entries to: Mr. A. Gordon, Jewish Playwriting Competition, 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1, before July 31st.
A PEACEFUL spot, a rest, a smoke; Tom Long has made of cares a joke.

Personal—continued

HOLIDAYS or Leave? Few vacancies, in-formal house party, young professional or Service people. Scotland, Cornwall, N. Wales. July-Sept. Full particulars from Box 8842.
PRINCIPAL of University Correspondence College appeals to former students who may possess current editions of textbooks previously used for U.C.C. Courses to sell them for benefit of new students. Full published price paid for up-to-date editions, good condition. Lists showing title, author and edition or date, in first instance to Text-book Dept., Burlington House, Cambridge.
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OUR fighting men in times of adversity, after Service, may count on the help of the British Legion. A legacy to Haig's Fund, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit *all* ranks of *all* Services, their families, too.
SOME may say with Chaucer ". . . as mothes in the shepes flees anoyeth to the clothes"—but not if they use "Malsek," the approved insecticide, obtainable Chemists and Stores.
PSYCHOLOGICAL consultations and treat-ment. Philip Humphreys, 5 Thurloe Sq., South Kensington, London, S.W.7. Ken. 8042.
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SHORT Stories, progressive non-fiction works, novels considered by Ed., Progress Publishing Co., Ltd., 2 Parton St., W.C.1.

Personal—continued

DOUGLAS Glass is now photographing abroad. His new studio will be opening in the autumn. Watch this column.
OUR theology is rational and our religion mystical. Unitarian publications free from Mrs. Dickin, The Hill, Langport, Somerset.
WANTED. Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th; Children's, 10 vols.; Chambers' recent. Highest prices paid. Foyle's, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Gerrard 5660.
£50 for Poetic Drama: see "Poetry Review," No. 2, Vol. XXXVI. All booksellers 11. 6d., Poetry Society, 33 Portman Sq., W.1.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

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RECTORY, Beaworthy, Devon. Mrs. Ware wishes to thank all those who wrote to her whom she had to refuse.
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